

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1874.

The Week.

THE President has determined to put a stop to the disturbances in the South by the use of all means in his power; and has given general directions to the Attorney-General and the Secretary of War to take what steps may be necessary in the premises. The Attorney-General has accordingly issued a circular to United States attorneys and marshals, calling their attention to the provisions of the Civil Rights Bill, passed April 9, 1866, the Enforcement Act, passed May 30, 1870, and the Ku-klux Act, passed April 20, 1871, which, with their amendments, he says, "make these deeds of violence and blood offences within the jurisdiction of the General Government." He directs them to spare no pains to arrest and punish the perpetrators of outrages, informs them that troops will be established at convenient points to give them all the aid they may need, and warns them not to interfere in politics, but devote themselves to the protection of the lives and property of all classes of citizens. The President's letter to General Belknap reads well enough, and the reference to the Attorney-General is no doubt intended to produce an impression on the public mind of law-abiding intentions at Washington.

Unfortunately, the Attorney-General has not much of the confidence of the public, and his caution about interference in politics will not tend to strengthen what there is of it. Comparing his circular with the laws referred to in it, it looks as if the Attorney-General had not yet made himself familiar with the contents of these acts. The second section of the Enforcement Act provides that whenever in any State or Territory any act is required by law as a "prerequisite or qualification for voting," and by the local laws any "persons or officers" are "charged with the performance of duties in furnishing to citizens an opportunity to perform such prerequisite, or to become qualified to vote," it shall be the duty of any such official to furnish such opportunity to such citizens alike, without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; the penalties for refusal or wilful omission being a liability in damages to the amount of \$500, with costs and allowances to the aggrieved citizen, and also a criminal prosecution with the penalty of fine and imprisonment. Another section makes it a misdemeanor for any person to interfere with the right of voting in various ways, and enumerates such as threats of depriving voters of employment or occupation, of ejecting them from rented houses or lands, and of refusal to renew leases or contracts for labor. How this law is to be enforced without a very minute supervision of local politics we do not know, and indeed, considering that the application to the President for troops comes chiefly from notorious Southern politicians like Kellogg, and on the eve of important elections, the whole thing looks like a disingenuous attempt to bring about political ends under cover of a laudable effort at the preservation of the peace.

The Southerners are apparently learning, however, that it will be well for their own interests to discontinue lawlessness, and that the effect of Southern outrages of any kind is to strengthen the hands of the Republican party. As an instance of this, we may mention the fact that the Republican chieftains in this State are reported to be rubbing their hands over the Coushatta affair and other disturbances, and maintaining that the Democrats are not so strong here now as they were six weeks ago. The Coushatta murders are not fully explained yet, but it seems to be established that the "Conservatives" in that part of the country, having come to the conclu-

sion that the blacks were engaged in a conspiracy against the whites assembled in force and demanded the resignation of the Republican office-holders, who were all, or nearly all, white. They then proceeded to convey these office-holders out of the State or to some distant point; but while on their way a "rescuing" party appeared, took the prisoners, and immediately put them to death. Whether there was any real negro conspiracy, whether the escort behaved in good faith, or who the murderers were, will probably never be determined. The *Tribune* has a report that the President has decided upon a plan of action with regard to Southern Federal appointments which ought to have a better effect than the Enforcement or the Ku-klux Acts in quieting the South. This is nothing else than to turn out of office all the incompetent officials who owe their commissions to the Republican Senators, and are scattered over the South in great numbers, and fill their places with new and suitable men—and to do this whether the Senators agree to it or not.

The Vermont election passed off very quietly, the Republicans carrying the State by a large majority, as usual. Public interest principally centred in the Congressional Districts. In the District hitherto so well represented by Mr. Willard, the regular nominee, Mr. Charles H. Joyce, was rewarded for his fatiguing campaign by an election; while Judge Poland has been defeated through dissatisfaction caused by the spectacle of his recent career in Congress. Judge Poland, as far as one can make him out from his own speeches and Congressional proceedings, represents a class of politicians who in some way contrive by their curious attitude in all important matters to make respectability itself disreputable. Mr. Poland has had a good enough reputation, and in deportment he is said to be irreproachable; he never does anything in Congress hastily or angrily; never gives his fellow-members the lie direct, never shakes his fist in their faces, but on all occasions conducts himself in a dignified and strictly parliamentary manner; he is an educated man, also; nevertheless, he is best known to the public at present as the author of the "Poland Gag-law" and of the *Crédit-Mobilier* report, and the defender of the "Back-pay grab." This dubious record has ruined him in Vermont, and another election will be held to choose his successor—the first having resulted in no choice. In the second, a plurality will suffice, and to all appearances the man who at present stands the best chance is well fitted in every way to fill the vacancy.

The People's Convention in Missouri, as it is called, has been held, has adopted a platform, and made nominations. The resolutions declare that long and painful experience has taught the people of Missouri the folly of confusing local affairs with those relating to the National Government and of electing State officers on partisan issues; demand the suppression of lawlessness and mob violence, "without regard to popular feeling"; denounce "proscription" for political differences of opinion; declare that to encourage emigration and investment the State needs a "faithful enforcement of the law." They demand strict fidelity to obligations of all kinds, oppose the increase of the State debt, and make non-committal declarations on the subject of transportation and the currency—the hard-money men in the convention avoiding a struggle over the last question as being a "national issue," though it is not apparent why as a national issue it is spoken of at all. The material of the convention was thoroughly popular, and as the Republicans have since resolved not to make any nominations, the chances of success of the Independent movement have suddenly become very good. Mr. Gentry, the "People's" candidate for governor, is a wealthy farmer. Among the resolutions we notice one which indicates the tide of public feeling as to the value of our legislative bodies. One of the

planks in the platform declares the convention in favor of a constitutional provision requiring a session of the Missouri Legislature only once in four years, "unless in case of emergency." The Ohio Republicans have renominated their State officers, and adopted a platform "reaffirming the principles" of the Republican party, declaring for a tariff for revenue with incidental protection, denouncing all forms of repudiation, demanding the restoration of specie payments "gradually but certainly," and condemning the Southern outrages.

A correspondent writes to us from Massachusetts to say that there is grave reason for supposing General Cogswell, who has announced his willingness to run against Butler for the Congressional nomination in his district, to be really a Butler man in disguise. We had noticed this story already as one of the perplexities of Massachusetts politics, and take this opportunity of saying that we do not profess to have an intimate acquaintance with all the ins and outs of Butlerite politics, and do not know on what foundation the rumors about General Cogswell rest. But we have never seen any substantial proof of their truth, and there is no doubt whatever that the declaration of principles recently made by him is one of the very few straightforward, honest, and enlightened expressions of opinion about really important questions that have appeared for a long time from the benighted district represented at Washington by Butler. It is a platform to which a constituency can hold a man, which is more than can be said of most platforms, and it seems to us almost beyond the bounds of belief that its author could be in secret alliance with Butler. If he is, there ought to be some proof of it; for in that case, he is one of the most enormous hypocrites and rascals now at large in the United States, which is not exactly the character he has generally borne among his acquaintances hitherto. Of course, if a better man can be found, there will be no reason for nominating General Cogswell.

The discovery of gold in the Black Hills has caused a good deal of excitement in some parts of the West, and there are stories of the formation of expeditions at Sioux City and Yankton for the invasion of the country. General Sheridan has taken means to prevent this, by issuing an order directing the arrest of any persons concerned in violation of the Indian treaties in such an attempt, the burning of their trains, and destruction of their outfit. The Black Hills country really belongs to the Indians, and the Government is greatly to blame for the publicity it has given to the gold discoveries. The expedition of General Custer seemed from the outset—provided, as it was, with sensational correspondents, and led by a military man acting as chief of the corresponding staff—as if almost designed to bring about the very invasion which General Sheridan is now trying to prevent. There could certainly be no better way devised of sending off half of the desperadoes of Sioux City or Yankton towards the Black Hills. It is fortunate for General Custer that he is not in the "political arena"; if he were, the letters and despatches would probably be explained as the result of an arrangement with the gold-men, and exceptionally wise statesmen would be shaking their heads over him as having been, like so many others, "bought up." We suppose the real explanation is to be found in the reckless disregard for professional etiquette of any kind that distinguishes the conduct of the Government.

The *Tribune* has a correspondent in the West who sends on nearly every week, besides much useful information about the railroads, some curious scraps of Granger morality and philosophy. In a recent letter, in defence of the Potter law, he explains that large numbers of farmers in the State mortgaged their farms in order to buy stock in new railroads, which afterwards borrowed money on mortgages, and then the mortgages were foreclosed and the farmers' stock became worthless. He argues, therefore, that there is "something wrong" in all this, and that the farmers who have sustained

these terrible losses are now justified "in fighting the railroads." What this means is simply that the farmers foolishly borrowed money to invest in railroads, which they lost. Hundreds, if not thousands, of people in this city are to-day exactly in this predicament. They have lost heavily by buying the stock of new roads, which the mortgagees, who were entire strangers to the original transaction, have taken away from them under a lawful contract. Now, what would be said if they were to assemble in large crowds at the offices of the companies, with sticks and stones, and declare that the bondholders must receive no interest, or have it reduced, in order to reimburse the poor fellows who had lost their money in the speculation? Is it possible that there is one code of morality and of mercantile usage for the Holy Farmer, and another for the poor trader or lawyer or mechanic? Why is it lawful for an unfortunate speculator to rob railroads in the West because he has lost money in them, any more than here? If a New York artisan buys a Milwaukee and St. Paul bond, valid under the law of the land, why has he to share his interest with a Wisconsin Granger who years ago speculated unfortunately in the stock, any more than with an unlucky railroad man here?

The general dearth of topics of interest in the newspapers shows what a godsend the Beecher-Tilton case was. It is almost painful to see the meagreness of the items which the reporters are now able to pick up about it. In their distress they have already published the verification of the answer filed by Mr. Beecher in Tilton *vs.* Beecher, the certificate attached to the jurat, and the acknowledgment of service made by the plaintiff's lawyers. The only hope now is that Moulton will speedily produce that second "statement," which is daily expected. In the meantime, we must request Plymouth Church to stop praying publicly for Tilton. This disgusts the community, which is already much nauseated, and does Tilton no good. Plymouth Church has had charge of his moral and religious training, and has failed in it so miserably that we are confident that no petition it now utters about him will receive any attention. The affair has produced some very curious suggestions for the regulation of the relations of the clergy with their flocks, amongst others, one that the minister's unfortunate wife should accompany him wherever he pays pastoral visits. It would seem to be plain enough that if pastors need surveillance in their domestic intercourse with their flocks, they ought to stop visiting. All remedies for evils such as are here hinted at have to be radical. The only thorough protection against being drowned is avoidance of water; and if ministers have to be watched when they call on ladies, the only adequate remedy is the cessation of calls.

The revival of the fall trade has, during the past few weeks, been a prominent subject of public discussion, and great and commendable activity has been displayed by reporters, and all connected with the press, in collecting facts bearing on the condition of business. The difficulty with these reports has been, not so much that they have been too complete, as that they have been, perhaps, too full of earnestness and fire, and hence now and then contradictory. We believe, however, that it is established that the fall trade has on at least one, if not two occasions, been entirely revived, though unfortunately, on the days when this took place, owing to the lack of effective means for keeping the movement going, and the absence of ready communication between the centres of business (the revival having come to a head toward sunset, and between the publication of the evening and the morning papers), it died out again after a few hours. A survey of all the evidence collected with regard to the arrivals of jobbers at the hotels, the bidding at auction sales, the announcement of withdrawals of foreclosure sales of real estate, will convince any impartial man that if there is not a sudden permanent revival of trade very soon, it will not be because the subject has not been thoroughly studied. One source of information, however, has as yet escaped observation;

and, for the benefit of the profession, we feel that we ought to call attention to it—and that is, the large boxes and packing-cases now standing in such great numbers on the Broadway sidewalks, in front of leading dry-goods establishments. We have not examined into the contents of these boxes, but this might easily be done after dark. If they were found to contain a "full line of dry-goods," they might be considered a distinct evidence of prosperity; if, on the other hand, they turned out to be empty, we do not know exactly what light the discovery would throw on anything, but we have that confidence in the ability of our brothers in the way of making inferences and generalizations that we have no doubt the discovery would prove to convey some valuable lessons. We should like, ourselves, to know what is in the boxes, and we think the public has a right to know.

The English papers, some even of those best acquainted with American politics, seem to be laboring under the idea that General Grant is determined by hook or by crook to get himself nominated for a third time. Even the *Spectator* fancies that if he cannot induce the Republicans to set him up, he will throw himself into the arms of the Democrats. After what the Democrats did in Greeley's case, it is of course not wonderful that foreigners should think it likely that they would undertake the job of putting Grant in the Presidency once more; but surely the result in Greeley's case ought to make it clear that no such candidate would have any chance of success. There is a public outside the ranks of both parties which punishes all such absurdities sternly, however carefully they may have been prepared at primary meetings and conventions. The "third term movement" never had any root in public opinion, and never received any countenance outside newspaper offices. General Grant cannot be either elected or nominated a third time, and he probably knows it. Even if the people wanted him, the politicians would not have him. He is no longer a winning card, and besides this, all the managers are satisfied that the time is coming for "a new deal." His return to private life is therefore certain, in spite of the dying out of all active opposition to him. From this he has been saved by his veto, and by the discovery that whether the Currency Bill means inflation or contraction, nobody has yet noticed any effects from it either way. In fact, the "Potter law" in Wisconsin is the one tangible result of all the "reform" movements which have been attempted under the Grant régime, and this reminds one of the mediæval priest who used to strip travellers on his way to say mass.

A controversy has been raging in England for two or three weeks, and occupying a large share of public attention, over the question whether a Wesleyan minister is entitled to prefix "Rev." to his name. A Wesleyan minister named Keet put up a headstone in the parish churchyard at his daughter's grave, on which he described her as the daughter of the "Rev. H. Keet, Wesleyan Minister." To the "Rev." the vicar objected, addressing himself to the stone-cutter, and refusing to hold any communication whatever with Mr. Keet himself. Whereupon the latter appealed to the Bishop, Dr. Wordsworth, who passes for a sensible and able man, but he sided with the vicar. Mr. Keet then went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who condemned the vicar's conduct, and addressed Mr. Keet as "Rev.," and very courteously. The Bishop, however, stood his ground, and Mr. Keet then went before the public with the correspondence. The Bishop's position is that "Rev." is a title which belongs exclusively to the clergy of the Anglican Church, and that it is therefore wrong and inexpedient to give it to ministers of any other denomination, and he persistently addressed Mr. Keet as "Mr. Keet, Wesleyan preacher." The public appear, however, to have only one opinion about the matter, and that is that the conduct of the vicar was arrogant, ill-bred, and unlawful, and that the Bishop is all at sea in his logic, law, and social philosophy. A whole band of writers have

rushed into print, showing that nobody is entitled legally to the prefix "Rev.," and that it is purely a title of courtesy; that its application even to Episcopal clergymen is of comparatively recent date; that it is officially given to ministers or religious teachers of all denominations; and that the vicar had no right to meddle with the headstone on this ground. The case is going into court, and there have been plenty of warnings addressed to the Bishop on the danger to the Church establishment of exasperating Dissenters about matters which are of no real importance to the Church, and in fact furnish materials for nothing better than petty insults.

Father Hyacinthe has resigned his charge at Geneva, on the ground that while he thought only of reforming the Catholic Church, he had to do with men who wished to found a new church, and were, in short, radicals rather than liberals. The Superior Council of the Reformed Catholic Church has accepted the resignation, and, having discussed it, ended by passing a series of resolutions condemning it. There are, it says, only three things which can have given him dissatisfaction—the laws for the organization of worship; the principles of the reform movement; or a disposition on the part of priests or people to destroy the basis of Catholicism. As for the laws, they relate only to the secular interests of the church, and Father Hyacinthe voted for them, as a member of the council, and swore to obey them as curé. As to the principles of the reform movement—opposition to Ultramontanism, abolition of sacerdotal celibacy and of auricular confession, and the conduct of worship in the vernacular, which Father Hyacinthe has preached—the Reformed Catholic Church has adopted and holds to them all. If there be any movement against them on the part of clergy or people, Father Hyacinthe, more than any other man, the council says, is responsible for it, but there is no such movement. With this they dismissed his case. In the meantime, he has gone into "retreat" in the mountains. It looks a little as if the Father was somewhat impracticable, if not unstable; timid he undoubtedly is.

In France there is nothing new. The Permanent Committee, which sits as lieutenant of the Assembly, hauls the Ministry over the coals about administrative details. Some members protest against certain suppressions of newspapers; others against certain arbitrary arrests; others against the recognition of Spain, and some keep a sharp lookout on the Bonapartist speeches and circulars. The election in Normandy, on which we have commented elsewhere, has greatly stimulated the activity of the Imperialists, and another election, which is fixed for the 13th inst., in the Department of Maine-et-Loire, is looked forward to with great interest. The *Univers* has been suspended for attacking Serrano, and in fact the press appears to have been rarely in hotter water.

The Government of Spain has been recognized by the great powers, which has given an amount of satisfaction at Madrid of which it is difficult for outsiders to see the reason. But the fact is that the non-recognition gave great encouragement to the Carlists, who were thus able to treat themselves as standing on an equal footing before the world with Serrano's Government, and apparently somewhat shook the confidence of the Madrid people in themselves. At all events, there has been within the last week or two a considerable revival in the activity of the operations against the Carlists, but as yet with no important results. The general muddle which followed Marshal Concha's defeat brought about a change of ministry, the only important feature of which is that it will probably send Moriones into the field again against the Carlists in place of Zabala. Puigcerda, which the Carlists have been besieging, has been relieved, and they are entrenching themselves once more about Bilbao. The French Government has at last taken vigorous measures to close the frontier to Carlist supplies.

AN "OFF-YEAR" IN NEW YORK.

IT sometimes seems as if the citizens of the United States had come to the disheartening conclusion that only once in about four years, when a President is to be elected, can popular feeling or belief have the slightest chance of influencing any nominating convention; and as if, as a consequence of this conclusion, they had made up their minds that during the intervening years they might as well let politics take care of themselves; let the politicians nominate with a view to their own convenience; let the platforms be drawn up with a single eye to the same object; and let the result of the vote be determined very much by the state of the weather on the day of election. Certainly, the four millions of innocent people whose votes in November will decide whether the State of New York is to be a Republican or Democratic State for the next year or so have probably, at the present moment, no very definite idea of what work their leaders are now engaged in; indeed, we may go further than this, and say that if they want to know they will find it extremely difficult to get any information. Beyond the fact that the Republicans have decided to renominate General Dix (supposing this to be a settled fact), we at least do not know that any one thing is determined upon. This certainly does not come from the unimportance of the election this autumn, either in the number of the candidates or what used to be called the dignity of the offices; there are no less than fifty-nine offices of all sorts to be filled, and of these two are judicial offices with large salaries; a governor is to be elected, a mayor for the largest city in the United States, and half-a-dozen members of Congress are to be chosen; and as there are three nominating conventions to be held, we may have in the field one hundred and seventy-seven candidates all told.

But, although it is difficult to gain any precise or accurate information about the movements or intentions of the political leaders, it is by no means difficult to get information and rumors which by their amount and variety make up for any other defects. Giving up all hope of accuracy, therefore, we will state the case as impartial rumor has it.

The next Legislature of this State will have to elect a senator to succeed Mr. Fenton, and as there is great doubt about the relative strength of the Republicans and Democrats, the main question which the politicians are at present considering is not, as the public foolishly suppose, who is to be governor, or mayor, or judge of the Court of Appeals, or even who are to be Congressmen, but how they can arrange matters so as to control this election of senator. To do this, it is necessary for the Conklingites to "fix things" in the Assembly districts, and this they could do but for one obstacle. There are in the world not only Conklingites but Fentonites, and Fenton, it should never be forgotten, is one of the leaders of the Liberal Republican party in New York—a party which, though it does not control many thousand votes, always holds conventions, and furnishes a very convenient base for fierce attacks upon the regular Republicans. The Liberals, indeed, hold to the regular party now very much the same relation which has in former years been held by the Young Democracy or the Apollo Hall Democracy to Tammany. They hire halls, make speeches, distribute documents, threaten awful exposures, insist on purity and reform, and so put their leaders into a position very convenient for making bargains with the enemy. This, it is now rumored, is exactly the use which the sagacious Fenton has made of the Greeley movement of 1872, and he, it is said, is now throwing out hints that he may, by means easily guessed at, make the majorities of the Republicans in the districts very small—so small, indeed, in some as to throw a large number into the hands of the Democrats, and thus prevent the election of a Republican senator. The Liberals hold their convention this week; and, whatever the convention may do, it is believed by the Conklingites that under cover of it Fenton is playing a double game—not that this is looked upon as at all to his discredit, but that it renders it necessary that he should be watched with care. This watching already, it is said, has revealed such a labyrinth of astute Fentonian plots, that the true and steadfast Republicans

have been led by them to contemplate seriously the question whether it would not be better for them to allow Mr. Fenton to be his own successor in the Senate rather than run the risk of a Democrat being elected—a view of the situation which is not wholly unsatisfactory to Mr. Fenton, inasmuch as such a termination of the struggle may be regarded as a sort of crowning of the edifice, or the perfection, by the return of the prodigal senator to the fold, of the harmony and discipline which was once the boast of the great party. Feeling that Fenton had the key of the position, the Conklingites some time since, it is said, let him know that, in view of past and the hope of future services, much might be forgiven, and that if he would desert the Liberals he should not himself be left in the lurch, but should be elected senator. To this Fenton is said to have replied, that he had no doubt either of the benevolence or the patriotism of those who made the offer, but that, owing to the force of precedents in such cases, he should feel it his duty to insist that certain guarantees of good faith should be given—meaning, it is believed, that certain offices in the Custom-house should be handed over to him. So the matter stands at present; and this week the Liberals meet at Albany. It is said, on the one hand, that if Fenton appears there taking an active part publicly or half-publicly, assuring the people that the time is full of danger, that the civil service is corrupt, the system of protection destroying our industries, and that the cry of the hour is "decentralization and down with Grantism," it will mean that these guarantees are refused; while, on the other hand, if he does not appear as one of the prime movers at Albany, and declines to let the weight of his name go to the aid of the Liberals, it will mean that mature consideration has convinced him that the peril of the country is past, that the civil-service reform instituted by the President promises beneficent results at no distant day, that the delusions of free-trade have taken no hold upon the national mind, and that the duty of the hour is to beat down sham Democracy.

Such is the aspect of political affairs in the most important State of the Union, as it is gathered from the politicians by newspaper reporters. We do not vouch for every word of it, and every word of it would be denied by every prominent actor. But the general picture given is no doubt correct. Bargains within bargains, lies within lies, all turning much more on Washington than on local politics, is the sum and substance of it.

The Democrats have not absolutely decided upon their policy either. The best men among them wish to have Mr. Tilden nominated, and his nomination would unquestionably be the strongest that could be made. But there are influences at work against him, and, whatever the fact may be, it is openly maintained that these influences are in reality—Tweed; that "Tweed from his felon's cell has reached forth an arm" with which he is making terrible play among the politicians; that the politicians who feel the "current from Blackwell's Island" are immediately observed to lose all interest in Mr. Tilden; and, finally, it is even insinuated that if Mr. Tilden is not nominated, but one of the judges of the Court of Appeals is, it will be because this judge was ill on a recent important occasion when the Ring cases came up in the Court, or, to put the matter plainly, because he is "controlled" by the arm reaching forth as we have said. That Tweed is still in politics there is no more doubt than that he is on Blackwell's Island.

If we turn to the city, the condition of affairs is much the same, except that here politics are so small and politicians are so numerous, that even the newspaper reporter does not undertake to make predictions. There are certain things, however, well known. We are now at the fourth year of Reform, and the politicians whom the movement against Tweed brought to the head of affairs have had an opportunity of showing what stuff is in them. Of these, the mayor is under what is equivalent to indictment, and if it were not that he has only three months to serve, it would be more loudly demanded that he should be removed. In the Police Department, which is perhaps the most important bureau in the city, there have been a succession of scandalous appointments, either made by the mayor, or forced upon him by the Reformers at Albany, which have

all ended in a still more scandalous manner than they began, with public confidence both in the indicted commissioners and the mayor absolutely destroyed. The investigation into the affairs of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction shows that these reformers have been systematically falsifying their accounts; while the Comptroller has been obliged, in order to keep himself in office at all, to engage in "lobbying," and has thus exposed himself also to the dangers of indictment; and, to crown the whole, one of the most prominent Reformers now before the public, and loudly demanding recognition, who has managed to survive the wreck of so many reputations, is no other than Mr. Van Nort, who was a legacy to the city of Tweed himself, put in office at Tweed's request, as a condition of his going out.

Looking about us for some good and beneficent results of the Reform movement, which, though we have forgotten it, did enlist our sympathies only a short time ago so warmly—something that is higher and finer than the mere fact that we are not any longer governed by professed thieves and murderers—we certainly find it, if anywhere, in the fact that the rascally politicians who manage the State have been fairly compelled by sheer force of public sentiment, and a sense of decency in others if not in themselves, to keep at the head of the State government a man of the high reputation and unblemished integrity of General Dix. It is said that this year the same feeling will compel his renomination, and may so even put him in a prominent position as a candidate for the Presidency. We should be glad to believe it true. General Dix belongs to that very class in America which is from time to time exhorted by the politicians to take part in politics, and assured that they are the kind that the people are anxious to elect, if they will only show themselves—men of education, property, character, and position, who not merely would hesitate to do any dirty political action, but would feel themselves insulted at the supposition that they could be capable of it. Our present governor has during the past two years been rendering the community a very valuable service. He has not performed the duties of his office so as to curry favor with anybody. He has decided all questions in an honest, straightforward, and manly way, and without any reference to the next election. No one has attempted, we believe, to deny this. But at this moment his enemies are attempting to ruin the well-earned esteem in which he is held throughout the State, first, by reviving an old and lifeless story about his connection with the *Crédit Mobilier*, and then (he having shown by the production of his own letters and telegrams that he was always ready to explain his relation to the *Crédit Mobilier* at the proper time) by insisting upon it that his letters are fabricated. There is no redress; libel is obsolete; the public has an appetite for scandal, and the press must discuss "charges," for in politics nowadays there is little else to discuss.

As we have said, the possibility of re-electing General Dix is the only gratifying prospect now before us. This possibility is about the only chance of influencing politics in the direction of reform which the voter in this State has before him this fall. Any one with whom our advice has weight, we advise that it is his duty to go to the polls if he has an opportunity and vote for Dix, whose career, and whose career alone, gives a contradiction to the cynical generalization lately made, that "inasmuch as all participation in the correction of public abuses is fatal to any candidate for popular favor," the nominating conventions will do well to drop from their slates any man who has distinguished himself as a reformer.

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

THE latest election in France, that of Calvados, the principal department of Normandy, has resulted in another and very significant Bonapartist triumph. Out of 77,286 votes cast, the Bonapartist candidate, M. de Launay, received 40,794; M. Aubert, the Republican, 27,272; and M. de Fontelle, the Monarchist, only 8,978. Two years ago, there was another election in the same department, at which 63,000 votes were cast. Of these the Republican candidate got 28,000; the Legitimist, 17,000; the Orleanist, 15,000; and

the Bonapartist only 3,000. The Legitimist has now lost half his support, the Republican has not quite held his own, and the Orleanists and the new voters have apparently gone over to the Bonapartist, who stood at the bottom of the list. In 1871, the same department sent up eight deputies to the Assembly, of whom five were Monarchists and the remainder Conservative Republicans. The Bonapartists did not show their faces. If these elections indicate anything as to the course run by French opinion, what they mean is this: that immediately after the war, in the richest and most intelligent department, the people were divided pretty equally between Monarchy and Moderate Republicanism; that, after the failure of the Comte de Chambord, the adherents of the Monarchy split between Legitimacy and Orleanism, but the Republic nearly kept pace with these two forms of faith; and that, after two years' trial of the present provisional régime, the majority have gone back to Bonapartism as the kind of government which they think, after much experiment, will suit them best; and that the probabilities are that the next Assembly, if elected now, would contain either a Bonapartist majority or a powerful Bonapartist minority, full of the insolence of approaching triumph.

Now, if this description of the situation is correct, it strikingly confirms the view we have several times of late maintained in these columns, that the French people are not strongly attached to any particular form of government, or, in other words, have no political convictions or traditions, and that each system which is set up at Paris appears to the country people in the attitude of a candidate for permanent power, with just as good a right to the place as any other if it can show itself worthy of it by capacity and determination in getting hold of it. Divine right they will not hear of, either in the Republic or the Monarchy, and they will not hear of feudalism or ecclesiasticism, or anything which savors of the old régime; but about everything else they are perfectly impartial. The notion so prevalent among Liberal journalists here and in England, that Frenchmen must be longing for a republic in their secret hearts, is the product of the not uncommon error of overlooking the influence which habits and traditions have in the formation of political opinions. Nine out of ten men that one meets in the street, or at a public meeting, even the most thoughtful and intelligent, if asked how they come by the political opinions which they hold, would answer unhesitatingly, that while, of course, their being born under their own government had something to do with their attachment to it, the main cause was their experience of its benefits, and their deliberate comparison of it with that of other countries. From this hallucination flows quite naturally the belief that other people select their form of government in the same careful and deliberate manner, and that they must therefore, as rational men, prefer a republic to any other. The fact is that three-fourths of people's liking for any tolerable government is inherited, or is the result of habit and association, and only about one-fourth that of a process of ratiocination—a fact on which many observers base the belief, that as an absolute monarchy has never been converted at one stroke into a republic, it never will be, inasmuch as it does not prepare people for a republic. Now, Frenchmen not only do not go through any such process, but they have at present no traditions which incline them to one form of government more than another. They are attached to their administrative and judicial systems, but do not care particularly who it is that turns the crank in Paris, provided he is a strong man, and will keep the crank turning the same way. Accordingly, having tried a Gambetta Republic, a Thiers Republic, and a Septennat, with a Monarchical Assembly, they are calmly preparing to go back to the despised Bonapartists.

The Paris papers are busy discussing how this state of things should have come to pass, and there does not seem to be much difference of opinion among them. The Gambetta Republic was discredited by the excesses of the Commune; the Legitimist Monarchy by the follies of the King; and now the Assembly and its Septennat are discredited by their failure to provide France with a permanent

government. Marshal MacMahon in the meantime seems to be in no way disturbed by the agitation around him. He has announced that no election, vote, or manifestation will shorten his tenure of office by one day, and it is curious to see how even this small instalment of security and permanency rallies the country to him, and how the candidates for the Assembly are obliged, whatever their other predilections may be, to give in their adhesion to the Septennat. Even the successful Bonapartist in Calvados felt compelled to proclaim his acquiescence in the postponement of the restoration of his favorite régime until the close of the Marshal's term, and the Marshal has been making a tour in Brittany, the very hot-bed of Legitimism, in which he has been received with precisely the same flattery, and the same expressions of unbounded confidence in him as the safeguard of society, which used to greet Napoleon III. during similar progresses. The legislature has already passed into a subordinate if not despised position, and the next general election will take place once more under the shadow of the "one-man power." In other words, the peasants will send up deputies, not as the depositaries of the national sovereignty charged with the duty of providing France with a government, but as persons whom the "chief of the state" wishes to aid him. What will be the issue of all this more clearly than ever depends on MacMahon himself. He may make the Septennat the germ of a constitution, or merely a temporary barrier against revolutionary disorder. If he lives and, while exerting a fair amount of influence, refrains from too much interference with the expression of public opinion or the action of the Assembly, he will probably bring about two important results. In the first place, he will give the French people their first experience of the creation of a government by orderly debate and deliberation and the peaceful friction of parties and opinions. The delays and bickerings and dissensions of the last four years have been, in fact, an educational process of the highest value, and such as the French have never had. Through them all the people are finding out what their mind is about governmental questions, and are learning that it is really in their power to exert an influence more or less decisive in the formation of the constitution. All these elections which we are now witnessing have, in fact, a gravity which no French elections have ever had since 1789, because they place seriously and *bonâ fide* before the voter the question whether he prefers a republic or a monarchy, and, if the latter, what kind of monarchy. Hitherto, when he has been consulted on questions of this sort, his casting his ballot has been a mere form, for he was asked simply to ratify what had been accomplished by violence in Paris, well knowing that it made no substantial difference whether he was vexed or pleased. This is an immense gain. Any government created in this way must be a boon for France.

In the second place, the Marshal's course thus far makes it probable that, in any constitution that is framed, his relations with the Assembly will furnish the model for the rights and duties of the executive. If there is anything clear in French politics, it is that a "chief of the state" elected by the popular vote and commanding the army is sure to be dangerous. All French traditions, both civil and military, lead him to consider himself neither the servant nor colleague of the legislature, but its superior, and lead the people to sanction or encourage his pretensions to independence. The legislature is as yet a power which has not secured a foothold in French political traditions or habits. The people have had no experience of a body like the British Parliament or our Congress. All the imitations of it they have known have been sham or contemptible, and have been finally dispersed by mobs or by the army. The "man on horseback" is the only representative of the national sovereignty with which they are familiar, and which they look on as real. To break up this tradition, and make a deliberative body respected as the sole source of authority, and the only safe guardian of the national interests, would be another long step in French political education. Nothing could well help to bring this about more effectively than the practice of having the executive officer chosen by and removable by the Assembly, either after a fixed term or at pleasure.

Unless, therefore, the making of a constitution is postponed for seven years, which is very unlikely, the present mode of selecting the president will probably be adopted; in fact, as the Marshal will not budge until his term has expired, it will probably *have* to be adopted, in order to get the new régime into working order before he goes out, and thus prevent a convulsion when he does go. Every one must see how desirable it is that the person who succeeds him should be his regular successor, chosen by the same process to the discharge of the same functions, and not a new officer, emanating from a different source and exercising a different species of authority.

Should the experiment of a Marshalate or Septennat prove successful in France, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it will become the means of transforming other Continental states from broken-down monarchies into conservative republics as their time comes. What is passing in Spain seems to give color to this expectation, dismal as the political outlook is in that country; but it has to be borne in mind that France enjoys an enormous advantage over Spain, in the trial of any such experiment, in the possession of an army which, with all its faults, has never lost its discipline or the habit of subordination to the Government, and whose military traditions are sufficient to preserve its self-respect and make it content with purely military functions. It has once overturned the civil government at the command of its general, but when it did so the state was on the verge of anarchy. During all other French revolutions it has been either a silent spectator or an obedient servant of the *de-facto* ruler. Louis Napoleon, when he made the *coup d'état*, was, in most French eyes, more nearly the seat of the sovereignty than anybody else, and the army at least might be excused for not perceiving the full extent of his usurpation. French generals have never caught the habit of pronunciamientos, and, in fact, soldiers rarely begin to turn to politics for occupation until the weakness of the state has made the army useless for purposes of offence or defence, and converted it into a sort of clumsy and corrupt police.

THE SWITZERLAND OF HOTEL-KEEPERS AND TOURISTS.

Basle, August 25, 1874.

ONE of the most charming letters of Paul Louis Courier begins with these words, "Make haste and see Italy"; and he then describes the state of abandonment of many Italian churches and palaces, and ends, in the face of so many ruins, with the exclamation, "Lugete, Veneres Cupidinesque!" After a few weeks of travelling in Switzerland, I would almost exclaim also, "Make haste and see Switzerland"; for civilization is invading the country of Wilhelm Tell with an alarming rapidity. I remember climbing the Rigi twenty years ago, when it was a lonely and solemn mountain, by a romantic pathway among the pines. Now you can take a return ticket from Lucerne, and you go up the majestic slopes in a railway carriage. There are stations before great hotels, where hundreds of travellers are staying; instead of peasants, of shepherds, you see nothing but Englishmen with bandannas on their hats, muscular young ladies with ornamental Alpenstocks, Americans with the same hats which they wore a few days before at Paris on the boulevards. The Rigi-Kulm appears at times like the race-course on the Derby Day; you see before you the great Swiss plain, but your imagination covers it at once with innumerable hotels and *pensions*, in which the struggle for life has assumed a new form—the struggle of the tired and hungry traveller with the rapacious landlord. I met one of my friends at Lucerne, who said to me: "I have made a discovery: there is in Berne a vast reservoir of sauce, and when dinner-time comes it is pumped by hidden pipes all over Switzerland, into all hotels, to the top of all the mountains. It is always the same sauce; you will find it everywhere; it covers a multitude of sins; it has the same price everywhere." I could not help laughing at this denunciation of the Swiss hotels, and I remembered that before the time of the huge palaces in which you are now received and sent to some fourth story, there were small inns, with affable landlords and smiling maids and real milk. Switzerland has become more prosaic; it is a disagreeable sensation, when you are coming from some distant glacier, to enter a dining-room where silk gowns are rustling, to hear after dinner, instead of the distant cow-bells, the sound of the billiard-table. You can no longer escape this horrid civilization, and the *Times* and the *Daily News*; Reuter's telegrams will follow you to Zermatt and Chamouni. The mountaineers themselves are getting insufferable; they ask for champagne, and

speak of the Wetterhorn or the Weisshorn as they would of Richmond Hill. Young English ladies ascend the highest peaks, and keep a list of their big ascents as they would keep a list of dances in a ball-room. Enthusiasm is a thing unknown in the Alps; the only ambition of the mountaineers is to find what they call a new pass—to go up one valley and go down another; this new pass is absolutely of no use; they spend ten, twelve, sometimes sixteen hours, like senseless machines, blindly obeying guides who tell them at times where to place their feet; the guides are in reality the men who do all the work and solve all the difficulties; the object of these modern travellers is attained, however, if they have cut their way between two *horns* where nobody went before. It is very amusing to read in the books of Zinal, Zermatt, Saas, and the other places which are the centres of the difficult ascents, in the descriptions given by the Alpine Club members, the perpetual remark: "To my knowledge, nobody ever attempted this pass before."

I hope I am not influenced by an invidious spirit when I make such a criticism, as I have myself made some difficult ascents; but the institution of the Alpine Club, with all its advantages, has certainly helped to multiply the number of unnecessary expeditions. There are now two classes of travellers in the Alps—those who are like eagles, and who always move in the region of snow, who jump, as it were, from peak to peak, as if they had seven-league boots; and those (and the number of the latter is legion) who go from hotel to hotel in the lower altitudes. I confess that I myself always fly as much as I can above the latter; but, alas! they are making progress, and you find them higher year after year. It was my good fortune last year to find myself all alone with a companion three nights in succession in small inns in the neighborhood of Zinal; but this year I found a new and almost magnificent hotel, built in that romantic village called Mürren, which is the centre of a gigantic circle of glaciers and peaks, opposite the Jungfrau, the Eiger, and the Mönch. I was coming down the Schilthorn, and was feeling the delightful fatigue of a long day's work, when a young German with gold spectacles played long parts of "Lohengrin" on the piano in the room to which I had retired before going to bed; and after his performances an American went to him, and, in the name of a committee of ladies, offered him the thanks of the company. Fancy a committee of ladies at Mürren! On the small terrace of the Bel Alp or of the Aegischhorn, when night comes, you see it, as it were, come from under your feet; the valleys are already dark when the giant mountains of the Valais are still visible under the refracted rays of the sun. When they themselves disappear, one could not help feeling a strange sense of gloom and desolation if the voice of ladies did not enliven the solitude till nearly midnight. Go where you will, you cannot escape the tourist. There are travelling chaplains, who go from mountain to mountain and read the holy service on Sunday in the dining-room among the Alpenstocks, the collection of photographs, and the plates. When Sunday is over, these missionaries change their dress, and you will meet them the next day trying a new pass. I found one this year at Macugnaga, at the foot of Monte Rosa, reading the service all to himself in the small inn of that lovely place. He had prepared three rows of chairs, but there was no Englishman there, and the Italians had politely abandoned the room. This excellent man was travelling with a collection of tracts, as he belonged to the Low Church, and he left a few behind him in the Italian language, which are probably still among the volumes of Tauchnitz which form the library of most Alpine hotels.

Happy are the Swiss between France and Germany! Their neutrality is still respected; their little army costs them next to nothing, though I am assured that it would be very effective in a war. Thousands of travellers come every year, and there is a regular inundation of gold in the country as soon as the month of August returns. The net profit of the country must be enormous, judging by the number of new houses which are built every year, by the increasing wealth, not only of the towns, but of the smallest villages. Where you once saw the classic *chalets*, built of wood, with stones on the roof, you now see elegant houses. The valley of Interlaken has become like the decorations of an opera. Locomotives run between the Lake of Brienz and the Lake of Thun; they will soon go up the Lauterbrunnen and over the Brünig pass. At the cascade of the Giessbach, which I remember as so lonely, an immense hotel has lately sprung up, and it owes its success not only to the scenery, but to the regular illumination of the cascades every night, and to the appearance, in the midst of Bengal lights, on a wooden bridge, of a sham-savage, dressed like a Red Indian, with eagle plumes on his head and an axe in his hand. This *savage* makes, I hear, a thousand dollars a year by selling his photographs, and becomes in the daytime a respectable, ever-drinking and ever-smoking Swiss citizen.

You may say as a rule that wherever there is an easily accessible cascade the population become quite demoralized. At the Staubbach, for instance, near Lauterbrunnen, you are not yet prevented from looking at the cas-

cade, but if you wish to approach near enough to see the rainbow, you will find a wooden barrier, a small door, and a young speculator who will ask for twenty sous. I crossed the Splügen this year, and my coachman stopped at a point of the road, saying to me: "If you go a few steps from the road, you will have a perfect view of the cascade." I had already had this cascade before me for half an hour. I consented; I had my perfect view, and was fined for it. On every road somewhat frequented by tourists you will find all varieties of beggary. Here the carriage stops for the echo; here a young girl offers you fruit which is not ripe; a few steps more, there is milk; then strawberries, then flowers; the offer of a bunch of *Edelweiss* is irresistible, as when you have it in your hat you are supposed to have plucked it on the high altitudes where it grows. I am somewhat familiar with all these forms of blackmail; but I discovered one this year which was new to me. I had just arrived at the bridge of the Via Mala, and was discussing with my companion, a Fellow of Cambridge, what might be the depth of the gorge under that famous bridge. "Let us try," said he, "how much we can count till a stone reaches the torrent, and apply the formula of accelerated motion." We looked round for a stone—there was none on the bridge; we went up the road, which is cut in the rock; not a stone was to be found—when suddenly an old woman came to us, and offered us some heavy stones at fifty centimes apiece.

Who would care much, however, for paying these small fines for the pleasure of seeing a country the beauty of which will ever remain unrivalled? And I will add that this demoralization is not yet felt among the guides; they are to this day the same men—truthful, brave, honest. I speak not of course of those guides who are to be found in the towns, and who are really mere couriers, accompanying families to such dangerous places as the Rigi; they show you the books, where you can find all their testimonials: "Franz or Hans has accompanied us to Lucerne, has crossed with us the Brünig (which is done in a diligence) to Interlaken, etc., etc." Then comes a long list of all the virtues of Franz or Hans from the enthusiastic and kind-hearted travellers. The true guides are those whom you engage in the mountains, and who go with you on the glacier, with rope on shoulder or axe in hand. The season for ascents is not long, and such guides have not much time to give to places where the tourists congregate. They are, as a rule, a most remarkable class of men—intelligent, quiet, as prudent as courageous; you can follow them blindly; there is fortunately, in every canton, a tariff which tells you how much you have to pay them for every excursion; they are in consequence never tempted to cheat the traveller; and I must say, having often used their services, that I have never found a more disinterested body of men, willing to do so much for a settled price. There are times, of course, and occasions where their services are invaluable; and there soon springs up between a good guide and yourself a feeling almost of affection. They are the men who preserve in the high altitudes the true character of the mountaineer; as for the Switzerland of hotel-keepers and of tourists, of cascades and sham-savages, it has become very prosaic, and sometimes very ridiculous. But there are spots on the sun, and, after all, the biggest hotels and the largest locomotives cannot much alter the character of most majestic scenery, though they may contribute powerfully to spoil the hours of necessary rest during excursions which once were so delightful and, if I may say so, so harmonious in all their parts.

Correspondence.

THE BOOK TRADE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have not observed that you have as yet taken notice of a matter which possesses no little interest for all lovers of books—the movement now on foot among booksellers to make such change in the mode of transacting business as shall release them from the necessity of selling their wares without a living profit.

It is, of course, the interest of the book-buyer to obtain his supplies of literature at the lowest prices compatible with the free continuance of those supplies; and it is the interest of the public that books, which are the means of diffusing culture, shall not alone be had at reasonable rates, but shall be within easy reach of all. Good books, in fact, should not only be accessible to those who seek them, but ought further to be placed in the way of all who can be tempted to acquire them. It is important, therefore, that the trade of the bookseller should be profitable enough to attract a class of men of sufficient energy and intelligence to push it with at least as much vigor as the selling of dry-goods or groceries. Such collections as are on the shelves of the leading booksellers of Cincinnati and Chicago are of no little public service. In fact, they are more important in some respects than even public

libraries, for experience shows how much the latter are resorted to for ephemeral literature, while books which are worth having, which really enlarge the mind and direct the thoughts of the reader, are apt to be purchased for repeated perusal and reference.

Yet there can be no question that the business of buying and selling books has been for years past steadily becoming less remunerative. Year by year there is less inducement to invest capital and brains in the endeavor to gain a livelihood by carrying on a book-store anywhere save in a few of the larger cities, and even in these the mere distribution of books, as dissociated from their manufacture, seems to be growing less and less remunerative and attractive. In the smaller cities and towns, the bookseller is steadily devoting increased attention to "fancy goods" and neglecting literature, while even in the larger centres the complaint seems to be general that a fair assortment of books yields no adequate return for money and labor invested in it. Nor are these complaints peculiar to this country. In England, the same state of affairs has long been the subject of comment. There the "country trade" is gradually becoming starved out, is compelled to sell without a profit, and attributes its decline to the fierce competition which it experiences from the metropolis.

I have watched with much interest the efforts recently made by the American booksellers to find a remedy for this, first at the Cincinnati meeting last January, and then at the July convention held at Put-in-Bay. As far as I can judge, the measures adopted were reasonable, and no well-wisher to literature can help desiring them success, even though a slight increase in the current retail prices should result, for in the long run it is the interest of all that book-stores should be enabled to exist in every town where there are schools and possible readers to be tempted. Yet, after all, is not this a struggling against fate? Do not the improvements in communication and transportation which are the most palpable triumphs of modern practical science, inevitably tend to bring the producer and consumer nearer together and render the middleman superfluous? The tendency, so marked of late years, towards the concentration of business in the hands of those whose superior capital or energy enables them to crush their competitors, has no more powerful adjutant than the railroads and the telegraph, and these instrumentalities must constantly tend to extinguish the business of intermediaries.

I cannot help thinking, therefore, that modern commerce must sooner or later undergo a change now only dimly foreseen, through the agency of constantly increasing facilities for intercommunication; and, from various causes, books are probably the articles that will earliest feel the approaching revolution. In the first place, every one knows that each copy of a given edition is precisely the same, is worth just as much as and no more than any other copy. For what A. sells at a dollar, therefore, B. cannot ask a dollar and a quarter without being deemed extortionate, though a similar difference in the price of a pound of tea or a yard of broadcloth might be thought justified by a possible difference in quality, and yet the loss of this percentage, through competition, may perhaps bring both A. and B. to bankruptcy. Thus the competition in books is much more direct and inevitable than in any other article of commerce; while at the same time books are so infinite in variety, so uncertain as investments, and so comparatively limited in amount of consumption, that the distinction between wholesale and retail dealings is much less rigidly preserved with them than with sugar, or flour, or brown sheetings.

This, again, is aggravated by the facilities afforded for the transmission of books through the post-office. Whether wisely or foolishly, books as mailable matter have been favored with a very low rate of postage, and thus the consumer can obtain his supplies at first hands at a comparatively trifling cost of transportation, while he knows that what he will get by mail will be precisely the same article which he would obtain from his local bookseller. The ordinary country storekeeper is paid for his trained skill in selecting certain grades of cloth, or coffee, or sugar, but a copy of Motley's 'Barneveld' is the same from whatever source procured. Thus has grown up the system under which the great publishing houses retail their books to distant customers—a system vehemently protested against at Cincinnati, but accepted as inevitable by the Put-in-Bay Convention.

Greatly as the existing evils of the book-trade are to be deplored, they would therefore seem to be unavoidable and incurable. All who recognize the services which the bookseller has rendered and still renders to literature and culture, will watch with interest the effort now making to restore prosperity to the business, but it is to be feared that the attempt is useless. The present condition of the trade is the result of causes which will rather strengthen than become weaker in the future, and it would seem that any relief that may be devised will only prove transitory and deceptive.

BOOKWORM.

September 1, 1874.

ARKANSAS POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your paper of the 20th instant, there is an editorial upon the Arkansas Congressional Investigating Committee, which from your recognized and known spirit of fairness I am confident would not have been written or published had you not been purposely deceived by some person having an end to accomplish. You say:

"The report of the Arkansas Investigating Committee appointed by Congress at the last session promises to be of a very lively character, though we imagine that the gentlemen of the committee are not going to find it an easy matter to reconcile all the evidence. But judging by what we hear from excellent authority, one committeeman, Mr. Ward, will have less difficulty than his fellow-members in coming to a conclusion; his method of reaching it will, however, call for an explanation. This impartial investigator—who has already expressed his opinion as favorable to the Brooksites, and has been so reported in the public prints—went to Little Rock in company with Dorsey, one of the precious Arkansas senators, was met at the railroad station by Brooks and some Brooksites, was taken to Dorsey's house and there remained during all of his stay in the town, was each morning driven in from there to attend the sessions of the committee, was met there by Judge McClure, formerly Brooks's man on the bench, Clayton, the leader of all this gang, Oliver, and others like them. The statements which these gentlemen imparted to him are supposed to be what Mr. Ward is now retailing to the Northern public as information derived from 'leading Arkansas Republicans.'"

To show that the evidence is "conflicting," and that "the gentlemen of the committee are not going to find it an easy matter to reconcile all the evidence," you quote from the testimony of Mr. Bartlett, given before the committee in Washington, page 149 of the pamphlet containing the evidence, wherein Judge Bartlett says "that the cause of the falling-out of the Republican leaders with Baxter was the latter's opposition to the Railroad Bill brought before the Legislature of 1873."

In the first place, no such bill as Judge Bartlett describes was ever before the Legislature, nor could there have been such a bill, because the condition of affairs on which the Judge predicates his supposed bill *did not exist*. Under what was called the Railroad Aid Law—which was submitted by the Legislature to the people, and almost unanimously voted for by them, the leading Republican and Democratic papers all supporting it—the State agreed to issue its bonds to aid in building eight hundred miles of railroads, loaning ten thousand dollars per mile to roads that had received land-grants from the United States, and fifteen thousand dollars per mile to those that had not received any land-grant. These are *State bonds*—the State agreeing to pay the principal and interest to the holders, and looking to the roads for reimbursement. Under this law, bonds to the amount of eleven million of dollars had been awarded to the different roads, and five million two hundred thousand dollars' worth of these bonds had been issued. The bill known as the Railroad Bill, and which Governor Baxter agreed to sign if passed, proposed that the State should release the road from any liability (to the State) for the bonds already issued, and receive in lieu thereof stock in the roads to the amount of the bonds issued, and the roads would release the State from its obligation to issue the additional six millions of bonds, and no more of them should be called for.

This shows how little Judge Bartlett knew of what he was endeavoring to tell. It is a mooted question among lawyers who have examined the law whether the State has *any* lien upon the roads to which these bonds were issued, and it is an undenied fact that upon *every* road receiving aid there was a first-mortgage lien, taking precedence of any claim that the State might have. The law provided that whenever ten miles of road were graded and tied it could call for and was entitled to receive the bonds for that distance, and so for every additional ten miles. But Mr. Bartlett's own testimony, under his cross-examination by Clayton and others, shows that he not only knew nothing of the law, but nothing of the cause of the split between Baxter and the Republicans who put him in office. Governor Baxter himself ought to be a good witness on this point, and I enclose you his testimony, when before the Committee, taken by a stenographer from his own utterances. By reading it you will see that Governor Baxter says Senator Clayton never applied to him for bonds, advised him against issuing any more, and opposed the issuance of some that were given by Baxter after he became Governor.

So far as Senator Dorsey is concerned, he resigned the presidency of the Arkansas Central Railroad immediately after his election to the United States Senate, and has never applied for any bonds. Governor Baxter endeavors to tell the cause of his falling-out with Clayton and the Republicans, but his reasons, as given under oath, are so confused and contradictory that no one can fathom them. It is true that Judge McClure quarrelled with Baxter soon after the Legislature of 1873 adjourned, and attacked his course in the *Republican* newspaper, of which he was the editor, waging bitter war upon him in that paper until the 29th of last September, when Senator

Clayton, Lieutenant-Governor Smith, and other leading Republicans, bought Judge McClure's interest in the *Republican* and placed it in accord and supporting Baxter; a day or two after this the Republican State Central Committee issued an address signed by all the members of the Committee (eight) except Judge McClure. After this, as Governor Baxter testifies, he required of Clayton that the resignation of several leading officials should be placed in his hands, as the price of his remaining "in harmony with the Republican party."

Now, sir, I submit that this testimony shows not only that Judge Bartlett was mistaken, to say the least of it, but it also shows another thing. The testimony was an "appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober"—from Baxter as a correspondent to Baxter under oath. In his letter to the *New York Herald* explaining the reasons why Clayton and the other Republican leaders quarrelled with him he said, "because he refused to issue railroad bonds, and to use improper means to carry the State elections." On oath before the committee, he said Clayton never asked him to issue any bonds, and that no Republican ever approached him with improper proposals except Asa Hodges, and for saying this Hodges called him a liar while he was on the stand before the committee. So far as published, there have been no discrepancies "to reconcile" in regard to the main fact before the committee—that is, whether Brooks or Baxter was elected governor; every witness who has sworn to anything of his own knowledge has proven that Brooks was elected, and the array of evidence is incontrovertible.

But what you say of Mr. Ward, a member of the committee, is evidently said without a due examination, and does that gentleman injustice. Mr. Ward did not stay at Senator Dorsey's house, because Senator Dorsey lives in Helena, over a hundred miles from Little Rock. If Mr. Ward has ever expressed an opinion, we have never been lucky enough to find it; an alleged interview with a reporter of the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago was published in that paper, but Mr. Ward sent a letter to the *Gazette* of this city denying the statements published in that paper, so that that cannot be taken as an expression of his views, and we have seen no other professing to be.

Mr. Ward, when here, seemed to be anxious to arrive at the whole truth in regard to affairs in Arkansas; he went to the room where the committee held its sessions at nine o'clock in the morning, remained until after twelve M., returned at two and a half P.M., and remained until five or six in the afternoon every day. He declined all hospitalities tendered him, and devoted himself laboriously to the business before him. I know nothing of Mr. Ward; but he must be an exceedingly cheap Congressman if his verdict can be influenced, as you seem to indicate, by the fact that he was "driven" to the committee-room every morning in Governor Smith's buggy.

The other member of the committee here with Mr. Ward, the Hon. Milton Saylor of Ohio, occupied rooms at the Metropolitan Hotel prepared for him by a committee of Democrats. He accepted all invitations to eat, drink, and ride tendered him; and said in a saloon that all the Democrats had to do was "to hurry up the Constitutional Convention, submit the constitution prepared, have their officers installed, and their legislature in session before Congress meet, and then the committee became *functus officio*." And yet no Republican has charged or intimated that the acceptance of these hospitalities has or will influence Mr. Saylor in the report which he has to make upon Arkansas affairs. One thing his advice has done: the Bourbon ring are following it implicitly—their programme being for the convention to adjourn on the 5th of September, the constitution to be submitted to a vote (and all the officers to be elected at the same time) on or about the first of November, the Governor to be installed, and the legislature to be in session by the third or fourth Monday in November.

I hope, in justice to all parties, that you will publish the above.

COSMO.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., August 28, 1874.

[We print the above for what it is worth, though it smacks of disingenuousness in the passage relating to Mr. Ward and his movements. This gentleman did stay at a house owned by Senator Dorsey, though then occupied by Lieutenant-Governor Smith. He stayed nowhere else, and he "declined all [other] hospitalities tendered him," because he readily consented to the policy of isolation and non-intercourse, which his hosts had an interest in maintaining. In fact, for seeing or hearing anything but what the Brooks party were willing he should see or hear, he might as well have been at Helena as at Dorsey's house on the river bluff a mile out of Little Rock, with "Smith's buggy" for his conveyance to and fro.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS resume publication of Washington Irving's works, which have for some years past borne the imprint of J. B. Lippincott & Co. Their fall announcements include 'Egypt and Iceland,' by Bayard Taylor, and 'Winter Homes for Invalids,' by Dr. Joseph W. Howe. —Harper & Bros. announce a 'History of Germany from the Earliest Times,' founded on Müller's. —Henry Holt & Co. will publish Mill's 'Three Essays on Religion'; Sir Henry Maine's 'Early History of Institutions'; W. B. Scott's 'History and Practice of the Fine Arts'; and a translation of Wagner's Autobiography and Essays. —A volume of papers for young men, by President Mark Hopkins, is announced by Dodd & Mead. —In J. B. Ford & Co.'s list we remark 'The Abbé Tigrane, Candidate for the Papacy,' translated by Rev. L. W. Bacon; 'Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney,' by S. W. Davis; 'The Poetry of Pets,' by Sarah B. Stebbins; 'We and Our Neighbors,' and 'Thoughts for Lent,' by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; and, by the Rev. Edward Beecher, 'History and Opinions of the Scriptural Doctrine of Retribution'—a work to which Lee & Shepard offer a companion volume in 'For Ever Lost,' by Prof. Townsend. —'A Theory of Art,' by Joseph Torrey; a popularly illustrated 'Manual of Mythology,' by A. S. Murray; and cheap editions of Stanley's 'How I Found Livingstone' and Jowett's 'Plato,' are to be issued by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. —Sheldon & Co. have in press Gen. Custer's *Galaxy* serial, entitled 'Life on the Plains.' —Porter & Coates republish from the *Art Journal* its illustrated articles on 'The Stately Homes of England.' —The tenth and final volume of Bancroft's 'History of the United States,' and 'The Old Régime in Canada,' by Francis Parkman, will shortly be published by Little, Brown & Co. —Wm. F. Gill & Co. reprint 'Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism,' by the author of 'Dame Europa's School,' together with Charles Bradlaugh's 'Impeachment of the House of Brunswick.' —Keen, Cooke & Co., Chicago, solicit subscriptions to 'Historical Sketches of the Anti-slavery Movement in the United States,' being the papers read at the Abolitionist reunion held at Chicago in June. —On Monday, the 21st inst., we may expect to read the first number of the projected Administration organ in this city, the daily (morning) *Republic*. The editorial and business staff is an offshoot from the *Times*. Two doubts suggest themselves—whether "the party" can sustain the paper; whether the paper can save "the party." —From Washington we have the prospectus of a new monthly illustrated magazine, the *National*, to be published by J. P. Young & Co. Its list of contributors embraces a few good names, mostly of scientific men, but the literary corps seems decidedly mediocre. —In a pamphlet just published at Berlin, Prof. Steinthal indulges in some "anti-criticism" of Prof. Whitney, written, as a half-sympathizing correspondent of the *Athenaeum* says, "in the old and antiquated style of literary warfare." —Persons afflicted with hay-fever (autumnal catarrh), who are disposed to further the scientific investigation of the cause and seat of this troublesome disease, will oblige Dr. George M. Beard, of this city, by applying to him for a circular which he has carefully prepared with fifty-two questions to be answered. His address is 53 West Twenty-third Street. —"John Paul's" Book, as we learn from Mr. Webb himself, is to be issued, by subscription, by the American Publishing Co., Hartford. It contains nearly all this humorist's letters to the *Tribune*, besides magazine articles and other matter, and will be illustrated. —Apropos of Robert Clarke & Co.'s collection of Confederate school-books, a friend writes us that he once saw at Columbia a Southern primer, in which the story of the good centurion was told, and this account of him given: "He was a good man and a slaveholder."

—As we write, the paintings confided by the Duc de Montpensier to the trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston are about arriving in that city. The circumstances of this quite unexampled loan have already been made known to our readers. Concerning the collection, the Boston papers have furnished a detailed account, from which we borrow the following particulars. The pictures are mostly of the Spanish school. There is a Murillo, valued at \$100,000, "La Vierge aux Linges"; three pictures by Velasquez, one "long supposed to be a portrait of himself," the other two said to be the original studies of the equestrian portraits of Philip IV. and the Duke d'Olivares at Madrid; five pictures by Zurbaran, of which four represent the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Magi, and the Circumcision, the fifth a praying monk (total valuation, \$120,000); a repulsive subject by Ribera, "Cato of Utica tearing out his Entrails"; and a number of other pictures by painters of inferior note. Among the works by non-Spanish artists are mentioned two fine landscapes by Salvator Rosa; "Lions in Peepshow," by Snyder; an interior by Van Ostade; and several modern paintings, including twenty-two Gospel subjects by Tony Johannot, which have been engraved. Attention is also called to a small portrait, in painted enamel, of

the Constable de Bourbon, who was killed at the siege of Rome in 1527. This is the work of his contemporary, Léonard de Limousin, another specimen of whose art is in the possession of the Museum. As soon as the Montpensier collection can be arranged it will be opened for public exhibition; it is hoped not long after the 15th instant. To the good reason which one always has for visiting Boston, the trustees of the Art Museum have now added a rare and potent one, sufficient of itself to be the cause of many pilgrimages.

—The death of Professor Jeffries Wyman is a great sorrow and irreparable loss. Had his ambition borne any proportion to his ability, and his powers been seconded by health and strength throughout his productive years, his name and works would have been more widely known and his fame unsurpassed by any comparative anatomist of our day. He was a man of singular modesty and entire truthfulness, of the sweetest temper, the soundest judgment, and the clearest insight, of untiring industry up to the limit of his strength, and of great administrative ability. His published writings, mainly papers in the transactions of scientific societies and journals, and of considerable number, are none of them popular in character or in the least pretentious, but none of them ephemeral in value. They are all solid and implicitly trustworthy contributions to scientific knowledge. Jeffries Wyman was born at Chelmsford, Mass., August 11, 1814. His father was a distinguished physician, as is his surviving brother and classmate. Upon his graduation at Harvard University, in the remarkable class of 1833 (which has given six professors to its alma mater), he himself entered upon the study of medicine, took his medical doctorate in 1837, and then studied for two years in the hospitals and museums of Paris. Upon his return, he accepted the curatorship of the Lowell Institute, and there commenced his career as a teacher by delivering two courses of lectures upon comparative physiology and anatomy, one of which was published. About this time he published the first scientific account and name of the gorilla, from materials supplied by Dr. Savage, in a paper which the eminent foreign anatomist who next had the materials overlooked, but to which he had nothing of importance to add. In 1843, he became professor of anatomy and physiology in the medical school of Hampden-Sidney College, established at Richmond, Va.; in 1847, he was transferred to Cambridge, becoming Hussey professor of comparative anatomy. He fulfilled its duties, and gave his admirable courses of lectures until lately, when failing health obliged him to diminish and at length give up the work of instruction. Wholly unaided, he built up the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, making it for its size one of the best in existence. He was for many years president of the Boston Society of Natural History, and the centre of its scientific life. Upon the foundation, in 1866, of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Prof. Wyman was one of the founder's trustees, the one upon whom the building up of the establishment mainly devolved. To this the later years of his valuable life have been chiefly devoted. The seventh annual report, just issued, is his last production; and the already large, very important, and admirably ordered Archaeological Museum at Cambridge is a memorial of his talents, ripe judgment, and perseverance under physical infirmity, no less than of the wisdom of its founder. Professor Wyman's life, it is thought, has been for several years prolonged by passing the latter part of every winter in Florida, and of the summer in the mountainous parts of New England. He was just established at his summer resort, apparently in better condition than in some former years, when the news of his sudden decease was received. He died at Bethlehem, N. H., on the 4th inst.

—The fifth number of the *International Review* is of less interest and less ability than any of its predecessors. Its articles are seven in number, one, and a very weak one, being made up of reviews of new books, and the others respectively treating of the condition of the Gulf-State Negroes (Dr. E. T. Winkler, of Georgia); the latest biography of Leonardo da Vinci (Professor G. L. Austin, of Cambridge, Mass.); the moral condition of France at the present moment (E. de Pressensé); the constitution of the sun (Professor C. A. Young, of Dartmouth College); the late Mr. Sumner considered as a lifelong advocate of peace and an active member of the Peace Society (Dr. C. F. Magoun, of Iowa College). The tale of seven articles is completed by a tragedy, as the author calls it, in five blank-verse acts, which is entitled 'Ariston,' and a very remarkable article and tragedy it is. The central action is the restoration to his better self of the hero of the play, who in the first two scenes of the first act is represented as having been so devoted to 'the social glass,' as the author calls it, as to have become an object of contempt to the street boys of Athens, of solicitude to his friends, and of hatred to his father, Alcander—an Athenian who, by the bye, is high in station and of very tyrannical proclivities. The author of the tragedy being a Jeffersonian Republican, whom both as Jeffersonian and as Prohibitionist Mr. James Parton might grasp by the hand, it may be surmised that the

mob-contemning Alcander has meted out to him a peculiar kind of justice by his reformed son and his outraged fellow-citizens. In the third scene of the first act Ariston, the hero—recovered from his infatuation by his mother's walking out one evening to find him, when he was much intoxicated at a friend's house, laying her hand on his shoulder, and so bringing him home—makes a firm resolution of changing his name, departing into strange lands, beginning life anew, and earning a glorious reputation with which to return to Athens to his mother and to the lady of his love. He does so, fulfilling all his resolves. The lady of his love, however, returns with him. She had disguised herself as a page in the Elizabethan manner, and everywhere, in all the chances and changes of his fortune, had been his faithful servitor. As for Ariston's mother, she, missing his presence, went mad as soon as he departed from the city, and, fancying herself the goddess Ceres seeking Proserpine, wandered up and down continually singing lyrical pieces and demanding her lost child. She regains her wits in the last act, when Ariston, crowned as the deliverer of Greece, returns in triumph from a mighty victory over the Persian host, apparently that of Xerxes. As for Ariston, he of course has rehabilitated his reputation, while Iuo, the disguised page and true maiden, is wedded to her hero-lover. In short, everything of any consequence ends well and merrily, unless we are to consider the fate of the unnatural, but entirely secondary, Alcander an important exception to the general felicity of this singular "tragedy." That aristocrat's hatred of popular institutions, equalling his hatred for his drunken son, has induced him to offer to betray his country to the barbarian king, and very near he comes to managing it. He is caught in time, however (his son, as Grecian general, keeping a sharp eye on him and intercepting his carrier-pigeons), and poisoning himself he dies in a dungeon—imprecatory, unrepentant, contumacious, and unnatural to the last. To let alone its dulness and feebleness, this work is a strange farrago of unredeemed solecisms of many kinds, and it is expressed in appropriate verse, as thus:

"Men who shout thy praise intend thy exile."

The logical parts are of much the same quality:

"Do gods create the vine?
Then man should sip
With grateful lip
Bright gushing tides
Which heaven provides."

It is a matter of some seriousness when a review making the pretensions of the *International*, and one which well managed might probably be so useful, is given over to productions like this "Ariston." Professor Young's paper on the sun's constitution seems very well adapted for general reading, if we may judge by our own easy perusal of it. Dr. Winkler's account of the negroes of the Gulf States is not altogether disheartening; but it reads like the opinions of a gentleman who had himself so far lost heart in contemplating the negro that he feels like Mrs. Somerville's mother when at sea in a gale—as if the time had come to trust in God, and things were in a pretty bad state. Apparently, Dr. Winkler is an old-fashioned man, who is in the way of hearing of the negroes more ill than good, who also sees in them with his own eyes real evil enough to answer all the purposes of corroborative evidence, and who is seriously despondent, though in a doctor-of-divinity kind of a way. The negro is dreadful, but Providence may perhaps intend that the colored population shall migrate, bearing off into Mexico, Central America, and those parts.

—Dr. C. F. Magoun's *International* article on Mr. Sumner as an advocate of peace deals in the needless superlative in the grammatical as well as in other senses. Thus, the evidence of a gentleman in favor of another gentleman's vast attainments, the cosmopolitan nature of his culture, and so forth, must fall short of the dignity of proof so long as the witness writes "most unique" when "unique" is enough. So, too, it is time for the witness to culture to stand down when he makes "plea" the imperfect indicative of the verb "to plead." It is still necessary to speak of this, because the world in some of its parts is still full of "ripe scholars" who are ever ready to bestow with an open hand any number of generous recommendations and testimonials regarding matters of which in reality they know nothing that justifies them in opening their mouths, or qualifies them for more than imperfectly intelligent listening when competent persons are speaking. Dr. Magoun is an admirer of Mr. Sumner, and he shows in fulness that aspect of his hero's character which more particularly interests him. In doing so, he defends Mr. Sumner against an accusation the truth of which would never have been so widely credited had it not been for the orator's rather arrogant, sweeping way of speech, and that visionary quality of his mind which made him often careless as to the practicability of schemes and notions of whose beauty and goodness he had persuaded himself. His early language about the barbarism of war was, for instance, so strong that a friendly critic, Mr. G. W. Curtis, spoke of it, in his eulogy at Boston, as "overstating its own case"; as exposing the

citizen-soldier "not only to ridicule, but to mortal aversion"; and as ignoring the fact that the military force which the orator derided in the presence of the volunteer companies was itself in the last analysis nothing but the law in execution. In saying this, however, says Dr. Magoun, Mr. Curtis has missed an obvious distinction—a distinction, adds the doctor, which Mr. Curtis would have taken had he been "an accomplished lawyer like his friend the Senator." This distinction lies between force employed for the maintenance of domestic laws, and force, war, employed in a public contest between different nations. The one employment of it Mr. Sumner always thought justifiable; it was the other that he hated, as being a relic of barbarous ages—"without law, above law, beyond law: he ever argued that this should give place to law." We believe this to be true as regards Mr. Sumner's views, though, as we have said, Mr. Sumner's way of speech was, for an honest man's, singularly adapted to accomplish the purpose of the dishonest man's, and to leave his thought misunderstood by plain people. Two or three notable instances of this were afforded in the last two or three years of his life. He was often a violent speaker; he was incapable of measuring the effect of his language, for he was egotistically unsympathetic and impatient of the minds and opinions of others; and he usually seemed incapable of correcting, by limiting it, any thought which had once got hold of him. It may be said that he was usually more anxious to pay out all the line he had than to take intelligent soundings. It is thus that even his friendly critics may easily have found themselves in error as to the length to which he meant practically to carry his peace doctrine; and thus, too, that he was ever ready to deliver orations in denunciation of war as the last resort of nations when as yet there was in existence, as binding upon nations, neither the law which he revered, nor the desired tribunal to settle cases, nor the material power to give force to the decrees of the court. But he was not the mere irrational non-resistant that his violent language, until modified, made him suspected of being. The article, "Leonardo da Vinci and his Works," by Prof. G. L. Austin, suggests that the "Cambridge, Mass.," which follows the writer's name might be misapprehended if understood to mean "of the University at Cambridge, Mass." It is ill-written, and of no value; from the book itself which is the occasion of it a writer ignorant of Leonardo, his times and his works, and of slight literary knack or practice, might with no difficulty have made a far better article. It would be hard to guess what Mr. Austin intended by sentences like this: "Caesar Borgia—that Caesar *aut nihil* of his age"; or why a man should write with this profundity about Leonardo at Milan: "One might justly suppose that he was the steward of the household. But no! He did all this with hand, not with heart. He was a courtier to please his master—not himself. No real delight he felt in material feasts; the intellectual feasts gratified him the most." M. de Pressensé's article is mostly trite, but is new in one respect: belonging as he does to that eminently respectable body—the Protestant Church in France—an institution of an entirely assured position, as perfectly well recognized and admitted by everybody as the Sorbonne itself; sheltered, however, from certain responsibilities—M. de Pressensé and its other members can cast a much more comfortable look over disordered France than can most Frenchmen: If, he may say, my countrymen will in spite of everything be clericals or else rationalists; if they will not take the golden mean of reasonable Protestantism—religious, moral, respectable, steady-going, anti-communist—yet wide as the poles asunder from Ultramontaniam—why then, it is hardly to be expected that they should have a material prosperity or a religious life free from wild distractions or deep debasement. Meantime, he adds, as for our Protestant Church in France, it has been divided into two parts, the evangelical and the so-called liberal, which in numbers are to each other relatively as twelve is to ten; this has happened very recently—too recently for us to have wholly recovered from it; but it is to be expected that when the synodical evangelical church, which is ours, is well organized again, it will be left free to devote itself with vigor and success to a salutary propagandism, and that France may by-and-by learn from us that her destiny is not to be accomplished either by a religion without liberty or a philosophy without God, etc., etc. It will be seen that M. de Pressensé's is in no respect a position to be lightly treated; just at present, however, the extreme comfortableness of it has most clearly revealed itself to us.

—The text of Prof. Tyndall's address on the development of science does not bear out those of his critics who set him down as an enemy of religion. He appears, rather, as a defender of science in her negative attitude toward religion; and, provided that religion will undertake not to invade the scientific domain and distort facts, he is more than willing that the world should still be religious. Exactly what kind of religion Mr. Tyndall thinks possible among people who believe not merely in the Copernican system but in the evolutionary theories of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the discoveries of Darwin as to the origin of species, we cannot discover from

his address; but the hints thrown out seem to point in the direction of a religion, not of belief, but of imaginative devotion, escaping belief to find a refuge in the contemplation of the eternal mystery of the universe. "Man has never been, and he never will be, satisfied with the operations and products of the understanding alone; hence physical science cannot cover all the demands of his nature," Mr. Tyndall says at the beginning of his lecture; and at the end he declares that he is willing to affirm religion to be a field "for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the knowing faculties, may be called the creative faculties of man." His suggestion as to the future of religion is not unlike some remarks more at length by Mr. Herbert Spencer, in one of his papers on sociology, which we noticed some time since, and, indeed, may be taken to represent an opinion very commonly held among a number of well-known scientific men, who recognize the insoluble and impenetrable mystery of existence, and, at the same time, *quid* men, devote themselves to the soluble and the penetrable.

—Mr. Tyndall avows himself a materialist; but it will be seen from the quotations we have already given how widely his materialism differs from that of the last century. The body of his address is an historical, but necessarily very discursive, review of the development of the enquiry into the nature of things, wrongly begun by our remote and superstitious ancestors, who handed over "the rule and governance of natural phenomena" to supersensual beings, confused from time to time by the metaphysical-religious speculations of later generations, but really set going, and carried forward to its present triumph over prejudice and opposition, by a series of investigators who have resolutely declined to listen to anything but the teaching of human experience of the external world. This historical essay is hardly to be taken as a complete or even completely connected review, but rather as an eloquent picture or series of pictures. Mr. Tyndall regards the beginning of true science as to be found in the speculations of those early philosophers who invented the "pregnant doctrine of atoms and molecules," and most people will be surprised to find that, according to Mr. Tyndall, we are thus carried back (not of course to our old acquaintance, Thales of Miletus, but to Democritus), who believed that nothing existed without its cause, and that all changes came from the combination and separation of molecules. "The great enigma, 'the exquisite adaptation of one part of an organism to another part, and to the conditions of life,' more especially the construction of the human body, Democritus made no attempt to solve." But Empedocles, noticing this gap in the doctrine of Democritus, "struck in with the penetrating thought, linked, however, with some wild speculation, that it lay in the very nature of those combinations which were suited to their ends (in other words, in harmony with their environment) to maintain themselves, while unfit combinations, having no proper habitat, must rapidly disappear. Thus, more than 2,000 years ago, the doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest,' which in our day, not on the basis of vague conjecture, but of positive knowledge, has been raised to such extraordinary significance, had received at all events partial enunciation." After this perhaps over-ingenious connection of Darwinism with the philosophy of Democritus, we have very interesting remarks on the development of the atomic philosophy, and incidental observations of great value, as for instance that describing the test of the truth of physical law furnished by the imagination, or act of mental presentation (*vorstellen*, *Forstellung*), e.g., the old explanation of the ascent of water in a pump by the law that "nature abhors a vacuum," is a truth which cannot be presented at all to the mind as a picture, and is in fact no truth at all.

—Perhaps the most interesting part of the address is the imaginary discussion between a disciple of Lucretius and Bishop Butler; the Bishop's position being that "our organized bodies are no more a part of ourselves than any other matter around us," the Lucretian materialist holding of course the exactly opposite opinion. The Lucretian begins by trying the Bishop's position by the test we have just mentioned, and asks whether a mental picture of what are called in the 'Analogy' "living powers," "perceptive or perceiving powers," and "ourselves," can be formed apart from the organism through which these are supposed to act. Where is the conscious self? If there is such a thing apart from the body, it must be somewhere, it must have some habitation and form. If so, what form? When a leg is amputated, the body is divided into two parts; is the true self in both of them or in one? You begin at one end of the body, and show that its parts may be removed without prejudice to the perceiving power. What if you begin at the other end, and remove, instead of the leg, the brain? The body, as before, is divided into two parts; but both are now in the same predicament, and neither can be appealed to to prove that the other is foreign matter." The Lucretian wishes to know what is to be said also of the change of the brain from health to disease, and makes use of the electric telegraph to show the falsity of the Bishop's comparison of the organs of the body to

mechanical instruments. The telegraph wires, he says, and our nerves are no doubt similar; but there is this difference between the operator and our percipient selves: cut the wires, demagnetize the needle, break the battery—the operator survives; but if the human battery be broken, what is left? To this the Bishop replies that in the 'Analogy' he did not attempt to prove anything absolutely, but simply to show his "deistical friends" that they were no better off than the Christian. He is willing to go further, however, and discuss the atomic theory with the Lucretian. He admits, in the first place, the existence of molecular forces, and that crystalline forms result from them, but he requests the Lucretian to test his materialist theories by a simple experiment. Take, he says, dead atoms, dead carbon, dead oxygen, dead nitrogen, dead phosphorus, all the other atoms, dead as shot, of which the brain is formed, put them together, and then imagine, by the aid of *Vorstellungskraft*, if you can, how from this death sensation, thought, and emotion are to arise. It cannot be done. The dialogue ends in this admirable way:

"You cannot satisfy the human understanding in its demand for logical continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness. This is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of life. What is the moral, my Lucretian? You and I are not likely to indulge in ill temper in the discussion of these great topics, where we see so much room for honest differences of opinion. But there are people of less wit or more bigotry (I say it with humility) on both sides, who are ever ready to mingle anger and vituperation with such discussions. There are, for example, writers of note and influence at the present day who are not ashamed to assume the 'deep personal sin' of the great logician to be the cause of his unbelief in a theologic dogma. And there are others who hold that we, who cherish our noble Bible, wrought as it has been into the constitution of our forefathers and by inheritance into us, must necessarily be hypocritical and insincere. Let us disavow and discountenance such people, cherishing the unswerving faith that what is good and true in both our arguments will be preserved for the benefit of humanity, while all that is bad or false will disappear."

—On the 1st of October appears at Leipzig (H. Hartung & Sohn) the first number or volume of what we hope may prove to be a periodical, and if a quarterly, so much the better. We refer to the *Italia*, which Professor Karl Hillebrand will edit from Florence, and which he, if any man, is capable of making entertaining and profitable to readers of all nations. The work is, however, addressed primarily to that part of the German public which takes an interest in Italian affairs, and which is disposed not only to have a statistical knowledge of them, but, as the editor says in his prospectus, to understand them. The history, art, archaeology, and landscape of the peninsula the Germans know already, and probably better than the Italians themselves; the inner springs of the national life of the present day are still a mystery and a riddle to the countrymen of Goethe and Winckelmann. That these may now be revealed by the aid of the foremost Italian specialists—savants, statesmen, and litterateurs—is the chief aim of *Italia*. The departments of history and scientific criticism, we are told, will be entrusted to Germans by right of eminent domain. Due account will be taken of the intellectual interaction of the two countries whose political alliance since Custozza, and especially since Sedan, has given assurance of a still closer and deeper intimacy, of which this magazine is a happy token. The second volume will appear on January 1, and the third at the will of Professor Hillebrand's audience if he succeeds in pleasing them. In the forthcoming volume the post of honor is rightly assigned to Professor Ruggero Bonghi, one of the ablest and most versatile of Italian parliamentarians. His topic is a comparison of the Italian and German methods of dealing with the church question. The tenant-system in Tuscany (by Sidney Sonnino); the paper currency (by Carlo Fontanelli); a tourist's impressions of Italy (by A. Galenga, whose good wine needs no bush); the historical novel since Manzoni (by Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis); notes on Leonardo da Vinci (by Herman Grimm); the French in Sicily, 1674-78 (by O. Hartwig), still further enrich the table of contents, which we have not yet exhausted, for there are translations of Giusti's poetry, and again of German into Italian metres. With literary, dramatic, and political résumés—the last by Professor Hillebrand—and notices of current German literature relating to Italy, the volume closes; and that it is a brilliant "first number" will not be denied. Non-German readers may perhaps regret that the Italian contributions have to be rendered into German.

THE "HESSIAN" MERCENARIES.*

THE much controverted question whether there is anything in the nature of republican institutions to make republics ungrateful will, probably, never be satisfactorily solved. The political philosophers seem to-day as far from the solution of the grave problem as they were two

thousand years ago—among other reasons, for the very simple one that the fact underlying the question is but an unproved hypothesis. There are, in the history of some of the most famous republics, instances of an uncommon tenacity of what we may call the political memory in contradistinction to the mere historical memory. We simply state the fact without venturing upon an explanation of it.

It will hardly be denied that the part taken by France in the War of Independence is, up to this day, a source of friendly sympathy bestowed by the Americans upon the French people in all their troubles. Time, a better knowledge of the historical facts, and a riper political judgment, have worked together to weaken this sympathy so far that it is impossible to make it ever again a war-cry of parties, as it was in the times of Jefferson and Hamilton. On the other hand, there is still enough left of it to make some editors and politicians deem it sufficiently strong, if properly managed, to get the better of the sober and impartial political judgment of the people. During the late Franco-German war, some of our papers wrote with as much fervor about the disinterested generosity shown by France to the United States during the Revolutionary War as if Lafayette had just taken his leave with a hand-shaking all round. Leading papers of this city considered themselves none too good to vent their inky wrath upon the poor "Hessians," as if the very men who, under Knyphausen, stormed Fort Washington, were then storming the heights of Spichern. It is not astonishing that the Congress of the Confederate States (Feb. 1864) called the German volunteers "legions of Hessian mercenaries." And it was, perhaps, not surprising either to find that in 1870 some editors in the Northern States had a livelier recollection of the 30,000 "Hessians" in the Revolutionary War than of the 200,000 German volunteers in the War of the Rebellion.

One need not belong to the school of political sentimentalists not to shrug one's shoulders over this sympathy for France, though there is now and then something unreasonable, and therefore unhealthy, in it. Honor to the nation that does not quite forget services rendered a hundred years ago. But even the editor of a village weekly should deem the "Hessians" too low a trump ever to be played against the living generation of Germans. To sink the last remnants of bitter feeling against the "Hessians" into the quiet deep of history we would recommend the publication of a translation of Dr. Kapp's 'Soldatenhandel.' It would certainly pay well in every respect. The author is too well known to the American public for us to dwell upon his exhaustive thoroughness, his rigid candor and true historical spirit, and the easy flow of his narrative. It may, however, be necessary to state that the treatise is not only of value to the historian *ex professo*. Any one taking an interest in historical subjects will not regret the time spent in its perusal. The author calls this second and enlarged edition "ein Beitrag zur Kulturgeschichte," and that it certainly is.

To read these pages and to harbor any rancor against the "Hessians" seems impossible. They are not guiltless; nay, their guilt appears almost unfathomable. But it is not they, individually taken, who could, in justice, be made responsible for it. It is the guilt of the whole German nation, whose pitiful representatives they are doomed to be; and not the guilt of the then living generation either, but the guilt of the nation as accumulated in many a century. Not that the "Hessians" felt any pangs of conscience in smiting liberty. Oh, no! "The people had rebelled, therefore they had to be brought to reason by the *ultima ratio regis*—in these few words all the political conceptions of the German officers are contained" (p. 229). "Once, in an unguarded moment, the Hessian General Loos even delights in the 'philosophical pleasure' of being able to tell an ungrateful prince and presumptuous minister: 'I do not want to serve you any longer.' But to the higher view, that this service is a contemptible headle's service (*Scherendienst*) and incompatible with the self-respect of a free man, these gentlemen cannot and dare not rise" (p. 230). And the officers formed no exception; they thought as the rest of the nation did. "Even if Schiller (in 'Cabale und Liebe') did express the sentiments of a great part of the educated German youth, Germany in general remained indifferent to the forced participation of her sons in the American war. A real political conviction and independent political interests, and in consequence, therefore, political parties, had no existence in Germany before 1799. Even the first minds of the nation hardly knew political questions in the present sense of the term" (p. 203). Goethe, in all his writings, mentions the American war but twice, and then only incidentally. Klopstock and Lessing took hardly a more than superficial interest in it. Only Kant took part very decidedly with the United States against England. The higher classes in general "considered the traffic in soldiers a *regale* of the prince, and did not think it worth while to waste words about it" (p. 207).

All this cannot be excused, but it can be understood. To understand it fully, however, it is necessary to go back to the very beginning of German

* Der Soldatenhandel deutscher Fürsten nach Amerika. Ein Beitrag zur Kulturgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts von Friedrich Kapp. Zweite vermehrte und umgearbeitete Auflage. Berlin, 1874. Pp. 259. New York: B. Westermann & Co.

history, and, more particularly, to study the indescribable misery in which the Thirty Years' War left Germany. That is the indispensable background to the fearful picture unrolled in these pages. The Virginian slave-driver, hurrying his manacled gang "down South," might have learned a good deal from the German recruiting officers, stealing and driving to port these "Hessians," who, according to the Prince of Waldeck, "*ne demandent certainement pas mieux que de trouver l'occasion de se sacrifier pour elle [Sa Majesté d'Angleterre]*," p. 244. A few lines from the instructions for corporals transporting recruits will prove the assertion. "If the recruit be in the least doubtful, he must, on command of the corporal, cut his suspenders, cut off the buttons from his pantaloons, and hold the pantaloons up with his hands. If he has made an attempt to escape, he must, without mercy, be chained, or the thumb-screws applied. It is bad if the corporal suffers it to go so far that he has to make use of his musket, and to wound or kill the recruit" (p. 15). It may seem strange that such treatment of the poor devils who longed so ardently to sacrifice themselves for George III. did not arouse a storm of indignation throughout the nation. The explanation is readily found: the rest of the people were not treated any better by these most gracious rulers of countries of vest-pocket size. In Hesia, if the parents of the kidnapped son complained, the father was sent to the iron-works, the mother to the penitentiary (p. 51). In Stuttgart, even, a councillor of the exchequer (*Kammerrath*) was treated by a simple lieutenant to twenty-five "Stockschlaege," well laid on by the soldiers of the guard, for the very good reason that he had not bowed to the officer. The head of the councillor being severely hurt, his life was in danger for several days. The lieutenant, belonging of course to the nobility, was hardly punished at all, for, as the courtiers said, it served the impudent clerk right (p. 99). The Markgrave of Anspach shot a chimney-sweeper from the roof of his castle because his mistress had expressed a wish to see the man tumble. To the widow of the murdered man, who implored mercy, the mild-hearted prince gave five gulden (p. 113). Mistresses were so dear a pleasure that five gulden, more or less, could not be of any consequence. The Landgrave of Hesia had to pay his *maîtresse en titre* 10,000 thalers, gold, a year, and she was only the first among many, for he is said to have had over three hundred illegitimate children; his son, the Count of Hanaup, had only seventy-four. In other respects, too, the son was unable to attain the towering eminence of his father. Cassel was one of the most beautiful and splendid cities of Germany. The sums expended by the Landgrave in magnificent buildings were enormous; and yet he managed to leave to his heirs 60,000,000 thalers. It was at least a well-paying business, this coining of the flesh and blood of one's subjects. There is certainly no known dealer in black human flesh who could boast of similar results. But even among the German princes, the Landgrave stood on a solitary eminence, principally, it is true, because many of them could not do as they would have liked to do. Karl Eugen of Würtemberg had, as late as 1782, a regiment of cavalry, one hundred and fifty men, of whom not one had a horse. Another prince kept fifty grenadiers as a body-guard, who had to have high heels on their shoes to appear taller. For this company of fifty there were two bearskin helmets; these the sentinels in front of the castle had to wear. Another had three different uniforms for his guard; to-day they were grenadiers, to-morrow cuirassiers, and a third day sharpshooters. Another had some regiments of dragoons on foot. From time to time they had to make cavalry evolutions on foot, and then they were allowed, during the attack, to neigh like horses (pp. 9, 10). Now, these are not fictions of the unbridled imagination of a satirist, but sober history.

There is one light point in the dark picture, auguring a better future. The princes of Hanover, Brunswick, the two Hessias, Waldeck, Anspach, and Anhalt-Zerbst, sold their subjects to George III. to subdue the rebels in America. Frederic II. of Prussia also was not overscrupulous about the manner in which his regiments were completed, but he did not sell them; he found an employment for them not now to be regretted by Germany. And more. There was nothing of that sympathy for the United States in Frederic sometimes ascribed to him by American sentimentalists; but he very heartily despised those on whom the immediate blame for those 30,000 "Hessians" rests. We may be allowed to give, in conclusion, part of a letter of Frederic II. to the Markgrave of Brandenburg-Bayreuth, now for the first time published by Mr. Kapp:

"POTSDAM, ce 24. Octobre, 1777.

"MONSIEUR MON NEVEU! J'avoue à Votre Altesse Sérénissime, que Je ne pense jamais à la guerre actuelle en Amérique sans être frappé de l'empressement de quelques princes d'Allemagne, de sacrifier leurs Troupes à une querelle qui ne les regarde pas. Mon étonnement augmente même quand Je Me rappelle de l'histoire ancienne, cet éloignement sage et général dans Nos Ancêtres, de prodiguer le sang allemand pour la défense des droits étrangers et qui passa même en loi dans le corps Germanique.

"Mais Je M'apperois que Mon patriotisme M'emporte... FÉDÉRIC."

RECENT POETRY.*

II.

A WRITER evidently on terms of acquaintance and perhaps intimacy with Mr. Robert Buchanan has divulged the fact that it is to Mr. Buchanan that we owe the poem 'White Rose and Red,' and not only that, but a preceding poem entitled 'Saint Abe and His Seven Wives.' Both were published anonymously. There seems to our mind to be something of impertinence in a challenge from a writer like Mr. Buchanan which requires of the public that it should examine him anew. Why should we? He might well enough stay quietly in the class assigned him, and prove his right to promotion by good acknowledged work. It is taking a liberty to say in effect to the public that the poet, satisfied that his own estimate of his own powers is of more value than that of the judges, has chosen to change his name and apply under disguise for a new examination. Considerations of this kind do not, however, trouble Mr. Buchanan. All his literary career shows that having had strength of body, mind, and character sufficient to take him safely through the hectic stage of Scottish poetical development, he retains less than sufficient to raise him above a conceit of himself and his works and an ignorance of his incapacities which have often stood his literary countrymen in excellent stead, and which he himself is often displaying in various ways. Beginning his career as a writer in poetry by some sketches suffused, not to say saturated, with that pathos of elemental tragedy which so many a humble life exhibits, he at once gained a distinct success, and by-and-by he repeated it. Ambition growing within him, or rather unfolding itself, and reaching out in more than one direction, he has since constantly made distinct failures—sometimes obvious and sometimes radical but not obvious, first as a London man of letters, and secondly as a philosophic and lyric poet. But, indeed, lest the mention of a want of reach for certain kind of poetry should be misleading, let us say that his happy efforts, in such of the several kinds of poetry as he has attacked, have deserved to be called happy in a general literary sense rather than in a sense very poetical. For one thing, he has never yet mastered his subject; but in the early books—in the description of seduced fisherwomen with their idiot sons, or of David Grays dying of declines under the eyes of their mothers—this subserviency to the common feelings naturally rising from the situation is as fortunate for him as his sentimentalism and indulgence of his emotions are unfortunate for him when he fills a volume with verse such as that contained in his "Book of Orm"—a most tremendous philosophic tragedy of the soul of man, which makes the reader sigh for the old-fashioned five-act tragedy that young Scotchmen took up to London in their portmanteaus a hundred years ago—before the destiny of Mr. Buchanan had begun to trouble Clotho or any of us. Of Mr. Buchanan's course as a general man of letters, a principal waymark is a volume of essays which are very "loud" in tone. This is fair enough description, because, considered as intellectual judgments, the essays were without merit except in occasional flashes, and those infrequent. The late Professor Wilson, who has much to answer for as a corrupter of Scottish literary taste and an encourager of a violently and unallowably self-assertive style of writing, has apparently had his due degree of influence on Mr. Buchanan. But if Professor Wilson could not make it quite pleasant to his readers to tell them all the time that he was more than six feet high; was Kit North; could outjump the Flying Tailor and outbox the Flaming Tinman; admired the 'Excursion' and despised any man who did not admire it, would in fact refuse to drink Glenlivet whiskey with any such "sumph"—if Professor Wilson could not very long beguile us with this sort of writing, followers like Mr. Buchanan, who presumably are no more than five feet and some inches high, move the reader to but very little complacency when they confide to us that Dickens makes them cry, and swear that in their judgment a man who says The Good Genius's pathos is sad stuff is a duffer, or has never felt his soul melt at the note of the lapwing. Another and more exciting of Mr. Buchanan's critical labors was a gallant attempt of his at cleaning out the Swinburnian stable. This resulted in several letters and pamphlets of a noble character, some from Hercules and some from Augeas himself; but the former was much overborne by the contemptuousness and the Greek metres and other acquirements of the latter, and while the world greatly admired the pair of them, and gave full credit to the moral attitude of Mr. Buchanan, there was a general feeling that had he known the things that made for his own good as a literary person he would have unalterably held his tongue.

* 'White Rose and Red. A Love Story.' Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

* 'Thurid and Other Poems.' By G. E. O. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1874.

* 'Satan. A Libretto.' By Christopher Pearce Cranch. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

1874. * 'The Poems of Charles Fenno Hoffman.' Collected and edited by Edward Fenno Hoffman. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1873.

* 'Poems.' By Clint Parkhurst of Iowa. Chicago: The Western News Company. 1874.

The anonymous work which is Mr. Buchanan's latest poetical production is of no special importance that it should be anonymous and ask us to be curious about it. It is well enough and ill enough, and, except for length, is magazine poetry. It has for its heroine an Indian girl, a maid with moccasins, whom we may reasonably expect transatlantic readers to believe in with a clearer faith than can be given on this side of the water. She loves and is loved by a wandering white hunter, who speedily makes the young thing his wife after the fashion of the forest; but as it was wandering that brought him to her, so he soon is smitten with the desire to wander away again, and he seeks his home in Maine, promising soon to return. The scene of the loves of the hunter and "The Red Rose" is described with such collected wealth of acacias, magnolias, prairies, rattlesnakes, grizzly bears, crocodiles, green serpents like Mr. Joaquin Miller's large ones, and lovely Indian maidens, that as we have hinted we can find in ourselves but a confused and imperfect sympathy with it; but the scene in the Maine village is managed in a way which will not command high praise as a brilliant feat, but which deserves commendation for cleverness. It will recall to the reader the street conversations in 'Saint Abe,' the dialogue of which poem was to the purpose, lively and well, though not subtly, discriminated, and expressed in a fluent sort of verse whose ease often degenerated into the slipshod, but always was at all events easy and fluent, and if often vulgar and trivial, often appropriately so. The same general praise and blame are to be given to the versification of 'White Rose and Red.' Mr. Buchanan has evidently sought lightness of movement and has in a creditable measure attained it. The errant lover of course finds it possible to fall in love with a Maine girl, "The White Rose," who reminds him of the other by contrast, and the story closes with the death of the Indian wife at the long-sought home of her husband and her successful rival.

The author of 'Thurid,' "G. E. O.," is a writer the secret of whose initials we do not know. Of the three tales which the volume contains we have read two without being repelled from reading the other and without being attracted towards it. It was once a common saying in discussing the poems of young writers, that a superfluity of heat and of consequent tropicity of expression were good signs in the beginner; increasing years and awakening judgment being held competent to cool the ardor of the most glowing, but not capable of inflaming the cold and sterile. Such comments might just now seem to have a false sound. It has for many recent years been rather our habit to believe that a poet need not be a hard-working man at all, and that, if he has the true poetic fibre in him, poetry will come spontaneously out of him if the west wind blows on him or Shelley's cloud strikes him properly. The result of this judicious doctrine has been that the spontaneous school, with its plenitude of feeling and its economy of labor and of taciturnity, begins to cause a doubt in some minds whether, for the modern young poet, a tendency to verbal and mental baldness, and a disposition to mind his book and let the west wind alone, may not be a thing to be desired. Among "G. E. O.'s" qualities a deliberate simplicity of manner may be named. We do not see, either, that it is not truly enough "G. E. O.'s" natural way of speech. "Thurid," the poem which gives its name to the book, is not so deserving of these remarks as "Goodman John." The simple manner does not so well suit the former legend as the more heroic—the warp of the song being a well-known passion and resultant miseries of a kind familiar to all.

There can be no doubt that our time has to a very great extent discarded anything like a real faith in the existence of a devil, personal or impersonal. This, at any rate, is true of the belief of Americans. We have heard on good authority that American penitents composing their "meditations," during Roman Catholic "retreats," fail as a rule in making good meditations on the subject of hell. Probably it is not too far-fetched an inference that they thus fail because, whatever may be the condition of their own hearts and minds, they have been at least brought up under the million influences of a community which as unwillingly believes in a hell or a devil as in any other means, ministers, or symbols of restraint. De Toqueville would probably find no difficulty in discovering both the bad and the good roots of this incapacity in our democratic system—or as some would say, in the various inherent conditions, political or what not, under which American life is carried on. Indeed, to assert this of American opinion on the topic named is to assert it in a degree of all modern civilized opinion, and we need not confine our remark to this country. Mr. Cranch speaks of his 'Satan' as "a libretto." "A libretto," he says, "is too often a mere thread on which the composer strings his pearls—a text for some work of art nobler than itself. While this poem makes no claim to be full-strung, it may perhaps serve to awaken a few snatches of a music containing some vital symbolic conception of the grandest of all harmonies—the Divine order in creation." As we understand this passage,

real music, palpable to the sense, is not meant. The "libretto" is metaphorically a libretto, and the music which it is to awaken, a metaphorical music in the soul of the listener. We may say that Mr. Cranch describes for us a sort of Unitarian Satan, so to speak. He is a being whom we confess we have found very vaporous. The gist of it all is this thought: that Satan stands as the representative of all evil; but evil is good in the making, and in the end it will come out all right. Whatever this may be as theology, it will be seen that no one could make poetry out of it. Such naked dealings with what is after all the main question that occupies the mind of man, not even the Muses themselves would venture upon, and the problem as thus set forth is seen to be no business for the poet.

Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman's nephew has piously collected all the songs and other poems of his uncle, so long sequestered from the world, and has published them in a good-looking duodecimo volume. The author has a neglected but not yet crumbled niche in the gallery of American literature, and it was well to gather his works together and let them together await posterity and the cicerone of the cyclopædias. We may be sure that these anacronisms here will sadden but few of our children—will reach a company small indeed in comparison with the fair women and brave men who listened to "Sparkling and Bright" a generation and more ago; yet it is a good deed to save them. The verses certainly are now touched with a yellowing melancholy, and a safer recipe for a winter evening of pensiveness could hardly be found for gentlemen past fifty than a resolve to reperuse their Hoffman when January is almost gone.

In almost every band of contemporary poets there is one who is abandoned to despair. Mr. Clint Parkhurst is, so to speak, actively abandoned, and has something of the look of a desperado. On page 79 he speaks of "creeds" in an epigram:

"All human vagaries deceive,
The best of creeds is—dis-believe."

Mr. Parkhurst's pronunciation and other literary accomplishments suffer by his youth's having been partly taken up with service in the war against the rebellion, and must not be reviewed harshly. On another page (44) we find the poem, "There is no Good," which begins thus:

"Earth seems a hell,
Life came unasked
And so comes woe.

I denounce existing things,
There is no guiding hand."

This writer has, however, some signs of thought and some energy of language.

By Sea and by Land. Being a trip all round the world. By Henry Alworth Merewether, one of Her Majesty's Counsel. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1874.)—For an old gentleman past sixty, a journey round the globe is still an arduous and, physically speaking, a creditable achievement. In undertaking it, our author showed himself a typical Englishman, and in the cause of his making it—the dispersion of his family—we have a reflection of the British Empire. He had a brother and married daughter in India, another brother in Australia, and two sons in New Zealand, whom he wished to see once more, probably for the last time. This determined him to go eastward through the Suez Canal, and curiosity to visit the New World led him to brave the tedious voyage from Sydney to San Francisco, and afterwards to cross the continent by rail. It is easy to feel an interest in so respectable a tourist, and to content ourselves for learning a little less about the countries he visits by learning a little more about him. We soon know him for a good-natured Tory, whose aversion to radical rule is hardly greater than to the rules of grammar, but who is capable of conquering his prejudices, and whose business as a traveller is to tell a plain tale of what he sees. His conservatism and his slipshod writing are illustrated in an early passage relating to his children: "Well, I had settled some of the thirteen, but among them were two boys at Winchester (notorious in these days for that absurd 'Tunding' controversy, of which I have received many, and should have been far better if I had got more)," etc. Of the countless instances in which *who* is used for *whom*, as flagrant as any is this one: "It reminded me of the poor mother in the quarantine ground, who it required all the stern vigilance of the Sydney Dogberry to prevent her folding her arms round her nice little girl." This literary license, however, as it began by melting the proof-reader's severity, ends by conciliating those who find other reasons for being in good humor with Mr. Merewether. A vein of pleasantry, never rising to wit, runs through all his narrative, as when, fearing an attack of cholera, he says: "I began to think seriously about it, and it will be pleasing to you, my friends, that I contemplated some post-mortem gifts to each and every of you—to one my watch, to another a set of ivory brushes. However, being willing still to come up to time and to brush my hair, I, directly I got home, took some chlorodyne, which happily composed internal troubles." Or, again: "To tell you the truth, I was beginning to

tire of mosques, especially as they are called musjids, which is a name conjoined with Sir Joseph Hawley's horse, which gave me the only painful recollection out of thirty-eight Derby Days."

Mr. Merewether's flying impressions afford little opportunity for quotation. In the garden of a fine house in Bombay he saw "a croquet-ground lit by gas, so that the game may be prolonged after the sun is gone down." At the Madras arsenal: "I was much struck, amidst an interesting collection of old arms, with the smallness of the hand-place for grasping the sword. A female would not have found the majority of them too large." We pass over his not very comfortable experiences in Australia and New Zealand, and his gloomy predictions of the future of society in the former country. Arriving in the United States, he saw a horse-race in San Francisco, saluted Brigham Young in Salt Lake City, visited rebuilt Chicago, admired Niagara, and—crossed the ocean delightedly with Barnum, some of whose long yarns he reproduces with great gusto. Mr. Merewether assigns the showman a home at "Bridport," alludes to the eminent preacher Dr. "Chafyn," and to President "Fillimore," and comes within about a mile of his mark when, apparently under the delusion of a false etymology, he speaks of "spendoolia," a pleasant American word for money." His car-window observations are enough to make him enamored of the country, to which he awards the palm over the English colonies he had just visited. "Of all places in the world where a man may be most comfortable, most independent, and may do best, America is the place for me." A single one of his reflections on American society appears to us worth citing:

"Giving this amount of consideration to the lower orders has gradually led to such a system of corruption in state matters as is incredible. They have not fine feeling enough to appreciate what in other countries would be considered as operating as an actual bar to a man's elevation to a public post. Let me give this instance: There was a contest for a judgeship, the judges there [in San Francisco] being only elected for a period, and not, like ours, for life. One of the candidates had been accused of misappropriating some bonds, and the matter was still under enquiry. One would have thought that such a charge against a man who was an applicant for judicial station would at once have made his case hopeless. For, indeed, I have known, and still know, gentlemen who fill a high station at the bar, and have a large business, but against whom there is a 'something.' They may retain their practice, and so on, but they never hope to be made a judge. I ask the experience of my legal brethren whether such is not the case

What was the case with this worthy man? He was a popular man, and the 'unwashed' voted for him as 'a smart fellow,' and he was elected."

The Dramatic Unities in the Present Day. By Edwin Simpson. (London: Trübner & Co. 1874.)—The phrase "dramatic unities" is one which, we fancy, is occasionally used by writers without exact comprehension of all that is implied by that once-potent formula, and when there is a disposition among dramatic critics to revive it, as, according to Mr. Simpson, is the case at present in England, it is only proper that their claim should be carefully considered. For this purpose this little volume will be found to be admirably fitted. It quotes from Aristotle the passages which are assumed to be the basis of the theory, and at the same time points out their application in the work of Gian Giorgio Trissino, one of the court of Leo the Tenth, and later writers. It is shown that the Greek tragedians did not comply with the laws afterwards formulated from their plays; and there follows an excellent summary of the arguments on the matter, with quotations from the French critics who supported it, and from Schlegel, Lessing, Goethe, and Dr. Johnson on the other side. There are also admirable illustrations of the difficulties of exact compliance with the rules imposed upon the French tragedians. Statistics are given of the efforts of English playwrights to cut themselves free from all the traditions of their wonderful dramatic literature and to fashion their work after the requirements of unnatural laws.

As the matter now stands, it would seem to be beginning at the wrong end to attempt to reform the defective play-writing of the present day by imposing novel and difficult rules upon a class of authors who are for the most part incapable of rising above abject triviality. The general principle we can look at with great equanimity; the battle has been fought, and the absolute power of the dramatic unities has been broken, but there is no one who would condemn a good play because the author had chosen to observe them. To demand them, however, to insist on them, is a very different and a most mischievous thing. One might as well ask of our artists that they paint nothing but Madonnas. How small is the foundation on which the theory rests is clearly and temperately shown in this little book; we hope it may be read, if for no other purpose than to see how a pretentious and bastard formula can impose for a long time on literature.

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THE WEEK IN TRADE AND FINANCE.

NEW YORK, September 7, 1874.

WITH the exception of a moderate increase of business in the speculative stocks at the Stock Exchange, the past week has shown no new feature of importance. There is no change to report in the condition of the money market beyond a slight hardening in the rates on commercial paper. Prime endorsed names have ruled between $6\frac{1}{2}$ and $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while good endorsed paper having three and four months to run is quoted at 8 to 9 per cent. Sales of extra choice endorsed names having sixty days to run are reported as low as 4 per cent.; but these were entirely exceptional. Money on call, secured by Stock Exchange collaterals, continues to rule between 2 and 3 per cent., with the bulk of business doing at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The foreign news is unimportant. The Bank of England minimum discount rate remains unchanged at 3 per cent., with money in the open market obtainable at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Bank of England lost £94,000 in bullion, and the Bank of France lost 75,000 francs in specie, during the week.

The weekly statement of the New York Clearing-house banks on Saturday was unfavorable, the banks having lost \$1,677,900 in legal tenders. The surplus reserve is down \$1,361,175. The following shows the changes in the averages for the week ending September 6, as compared with those of the previous one:

	August 29.	Sept. 5.	Differences.
Loans.....	\$279,319,800	\$279,084,900	Inc.. \$265,100
Specie.....	18,638,100	18,891,300	Inc.. 253,200
Legal tenders.....	67,383,000	65,604,700	Dec.. 1,677,900
Deposits.....	235,000,100	234,746,000	Dec.. 254,100
Circulation.....	25,803,300	25,662,400	Dec.. 140,900

The following shows the relations between the total reserve and the total liabilities:

	August 29.	Sept. 5.	Differences.
Specie.....	\$18,638,100	\$18,891,300	Inc.. \$253,200
Legal tenders.....	67,383,000	65,604,700	Dec.. 1,677,900
Total reserve.....	\$85,920,700	\$84,496,000	Dec.. \$1,424,700
Reserve required against deposits.....	58,750,025	58,686,500	
Excess of reserve above legal requirement.....	27,170,675	25,809,500	Dec.. 1,361,175

The stock market has been active, and prices generally at the close on Saturday showed a considerable advance over those at the close of the previous week. The most active stock was Western Union Telegraph, upon which a declaration of a quarterly dividend of 2 per cent. was made; this gave a stimulus to the market for the stock, under which the price advanced from $76\frac{1}{2}$ on Monday to $78\frac{1}{2}$ on Saturday. Union Pacific followed, and ran from $27\frac{1}{2}$ to $30\frac{1}{2}$. Lake Shore was next in importance in amount of dealings, and advanced from $72\frac{1}{2}$ to $73\frac{1}{2}$. The basis for the upward movement in stocks seems to have been the large uncovered short interest. A few operators bought largely to cover their own shorts, and, beyond this, to place themselves on the bull side of the market by going long. The effect of this was to set all the small operators, both in and out of the Stock Exchange, to

buying stocks, and to such an extent that prices would undoubtedly have advanced much higher than they did had not those who were at the bottom of the movement stood ready to sell at the moderate profit which was offered.

The market to-day opened at $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. higher on the leading stocks than it closed on Saturday, but under sales made to realize, principally upon Rock Island, the market underwent a fractional decline, except on Wabash, which fell off from $32\frac{1}{2}$ to $31\frac{1}{2}$. This was followed by a better feeling, upon which the market improved and finally closed strong at an advance of $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 per cent. from the closing prices of Saturday, the greatest improvement being in New York Central and Western Union, both of which were 1 per cent. higher. The investment stocks have been quiet. There was some activity in New Jersey Central, caused by a circular from the Company offering \$5,000,000 new consolidated bonds to the stockholders for the purpose of making certain improvements. This was unfavorably looked upon at first, and led to considerable sales being made on sellers' option, the price at one time being $102\frac{1}{4}$. The low price of the stock brought out good buyers—friends of the road—and the price soon rallied up to nearly that at which it stood previous to the receipt of the circular.

The following shows the highest and lowest sales of the leading stocks at the Stock Exchange for the week ending September 5, 1874:

	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wed'day.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Sales.
N. Y. C. & H. R....	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	15,000
Lake Shore.....	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	112,400
Krie.....	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	75,800
Union Pacific.....	27 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	119,500
Chi. & N. W.....	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	17,000
Do. pfd.....	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	2,200
N. J. Central.....	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	3,000
Rock Island.....	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	41,500
Mil. & St. Paul.....	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	16,400
Do. pfd.....	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,900
Wabash.....	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	102,400
D. L. & W.....	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	2,100
O. & M.....	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	15,000
C. C. & I. C.....	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	20,000
W. U. Tel.....	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	216,900
Pacific Mail.....	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	48 $\frac{1}{2}$	63,300

Government bonds have been quiet and prices steady. The Secretary of the Treasury has issued another call for \$15,000,000 5-20's of 1862, on which interest will cease December 1.

The following are the closing quotations of Governments this evening:

	BID.	ASKED		BID.	ASKED
Registered 6's, 1881, c.....	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	Registered 5-20's, 1867, c.....	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	117 $\frac{1}{2}$
Registered 5-20's, 1862, c.....	112 $\frac{1}{2}$	112 $\frac{1}{2}$	Registered 5-20's, 1868, c.....	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	117 $\frac{1}{2}$
Registered 5-20's, 1864, c.....	115 $\frac{1}{2}$	115 $\frac{1}{2}$	Registered 10-40's, c.....	111 $\frac{1}{2}$	112
Registered 5-20's, 1865, M and N 116 $\frac{1}{2}$	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	Registered 5's of 1881, c.....	112 $\frac{1}{2}$	112 $\frac{1}{2}$
Registered 5-20's, 1865, J and J 116 $\frac{1}{2}$	116 $\frac{1}{2}$	116 $\frac{1}{2}$	U. S. Currency 6's.....	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	117 $\frac{1}{2}$

The gold market has remained quiet, with the range of fluctuations confined between 109 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 110 as extremes. The Treasury will sell only \$3,000,000 gold during the present month. The specie shipments for the week amounted to only \$472,000, of which \$113,000 was in gold coin.

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Bellevue Hospital Medical College, City of New York, session of 1874-75. The Collegiate Year in this Institution embraces a preliminary autumnal term, the regular winter session, and a summer session. The Preliminary Autumnal Term for 1874-75 will commence on Wednesday, September 16, 1874, and continue until the opening of the regular session. During this term instruction, consisting of didactic lectures on special subjects and daily clinical lectures, will be given, as heretofore, by the entire faculty. Students desiring to attend the regular session are strongly recommended to attend the preliminary term, but attendance during the latter is not required. During the preliminary term, clinical and didactic lectures will be given in precisely the same number and order as in the regular sessions. The Regular Session will commence on Wednesday, September 30, 1874, and end about the 1st of March 1875. For the annual circular and catalogue, giving regulations for graduation, and other information, address the Secretary of the College, **Prof. AUSTIN FLINT, Jr.**, Bellevue Hospital Medical College.

